Vol 9 The War Illustrated N° 212

SIXPENCE Edited by Sir John Hammerton AUGUST 3, 1945

FAMOUS DRUM OF THE 5TH BATTALION GORDON HIGHLANDERS, which fell into Nazi hands at St. Valéry-en-Caux in May 1940, and was recovered by an American officer in Germany almost five years later, was handed over to Brigadier J. R. Sinclair, D.S.O., commanding the 153rd Brigade, by General Wade Haislip, the U.S. 7th Army's new commander, at an impressive ceremony in the Koenigsplatz, Munich, on June 7, 1945. Relic of the First Great War, it was proudly carried by Corporal Willie Simm (above) at the parade which followed the presentation ceremony. *Photo, U.S. Official*

The Monsoon Delays Our Final Blow in Burma

IN RANGOON, after its fall on May 3, 1945, British troops inspected the "New Law Courts," built by the Japanese for special Allied prisoners; closely examined were these insanitary wooden cells (1). On the Mawchi Road, serpentine jungle highway running east into the Shan hills from Toungoo, the going was sticky for this mud-encumbered Sherman tank (2) caught in the monsoon in mid-June 1945.

A signaller of the 14th Army at work (3); laying cable, often under fire, these men kept communications going through the whole of the 950-miles advance from Assam to Rangoon. In one year up to April 1945 the headquarters signals of the 33rd Indian Corps alone laid 10,000 miles of cable and transmitted 300,000 messages.

Commander of Allied land forces, South East Asia, General Sir Oliver Leese (4, left) discussed operations with staff officers at Brigade H.Q. in Burma.

Photos, British and Indian Official

With Our Armies Today

By MAJ.-GENERAL
SIR CHARLES GWYNN
K.C.B., D.S.O.

OUR Army of Occupation in Germany appears now to have taken up its positions, and troops should be in process of settling down with some prospect of making themselves reasonably comfortable before winter sets in. It is satisfactory that this time the Union Jack flies in Berlin, and few, I think, will quarrel with the composition of the British contingent there. The honour has been well earned and those inclined to be envious may take consolation from the fact that Berlin in its devastated condition is not likely to be a particularly attractive station. As I suggested was probable, the ban on fraternization has now been partially lifted, and this should improve matters. The degree to which it can be further eased may, however, depend on whether when nights are longer there are any signs of Werewolf activity. It is too early to assume that the Werewolf idea is dead.

It is to be hoped, too, that relations with our Russian allies will by degrees be on a more friendly footing. In the meantime I think it is a mistake to attach too much importance to the atmosphere of suspicion that is reported to exist. Relations with senior Russian officers are said to be excellent and that is certain to have good effects and lead to greater uniformity in the attitude of the occupying armies towards the Germans and towards each other.

THE language difficulty is, of course, a handicap in dealing with the Russians, and I doubt if the diversities of race and background to be met with in the Russian Army are fully appreciated. Furthermore, I think it should be recognized that for years it has been taught in Russian schools, not without some justification, that the Western nations are hostile to Soviet ideology, and the effects of early teaching are not easily eliminated. It is generally agreed, too, that while standards of living in Russia have greatly improved they are still much lower than in the West. Possibly, therefore, the Soviet authorities may think that close contact with Western standards might give rise to discontent. On these and similar grounds it would seem to be wise to exercise patience and to allow such contacts as are bound to occur to improve relations gradually and without fuss.

BURMA In Burma the Japanese seem to be taking advantage of the concentration of their forces behind the lower Sittang to adopt a more offensive policy. They succeeded in establishing a bridge-head on the west bank of the river and isolated a Gurkha battalion, which was only withdrawn after some sharp fighting. They may be aiming at the recapture of Pegu, but more probably they would be content to open an escape route for their troops still marooned in the Pegu Yomas, west of the main road to Mandalay. Presumably, under monsoon conditions, the number of our troops deployed in forward positions is kept to a minimum, and local Japanese successes must be expected for a time if they consider it worth while to face the cost, which is likely to be disproportionately high.

BORNEO The landing at Balikpapan in Borneo which the Japanese expected has been made very successfully by Australian and Netherlands troops after preparatory bombardment. Once again, although elaborate defences had been prepared, the Japanese offered practically no resistance to the landings which were made at a number of places. The town and three airstrips have been captured, but the Japanese having withdrawn inland, presumably partly to escape the devastating fire of ships' guns, are now offering determined resistance in positions covering the oilfields. It would seem to be their policy to avoid dissipating their strength in attempts to hold ports which are no longer of use to them, and to concentrate on denying the Allies the oil supplies which might relieve the strain on shipping.

Although the oil is now of no value to the Japanese it is clearly to their advantage to delay the restoration of the fields as long as possible. Meanwhile, the Allies have secured a valuable asset by acquiring the use of the harbour and airstrips at Balikpapan. The Brunei operations are also proceeding steadily and all the Sarawak oilfields have been recovered, although in a badly damaged condition. Specialist personnel was required to deal with the wells that were on fire as the troops were unable to extinguish them (See map in page 131.)

PACIFIC The air attack on Japan from the Marianas and from Okinawa airfields is steadily increasing, and Admiral Nimitz's carriers, acting with the utmost boldness and in great strength, have carried out even more devastating attacks, which not only took the defence by surprise but were more prolonged and concentrated than attacks delivered from the island bases have so far been. A great measure of air superiority had undoubtedly been established, and the carrier force met with practically no opposition in the air. It is probable, however, that the Japanese are husbanding their reserves for the time when they would be used against the transports of an invading force. If and when landings are attempted suicide attacks even more determined than those at Okinawa must certainly be expected.

VOTING in the General Election held few difficulties for most of our troops abroad. At Hamburg a voting section was set up in the Army P.O. (top); while near Cairo a R.A. officer dropped his ballot-paper into the special container (below). **See also page 221.**
Photos, British Official

Although the Allied offensive is far in advance of schedule and the Japanese believe that invasion is imminent, it seems improbable that preparations for such a great undertaking can as yet be complete. Softening up processes are well advanced, but I am afraid that some recent statements made by a senior American officer as regards the ease with which Japan can be invaded and finally crushed may prove misleadingly optimistic. At this stage it would be best to be content with the very remarkable progress of current operations.

THE Japanese are undoubtedly, and justifiably, alarmed, but there is little evidence of loss of morale. It is possible they may lose their heads and become confused, but I doubt if that will affect their willingness to fight to the death or to counter-attack fiercely. Until we see Japanese troops surrendering or deserting in large numbers it is safer to conclude that the end of the war in the Far East is not yet in sight.

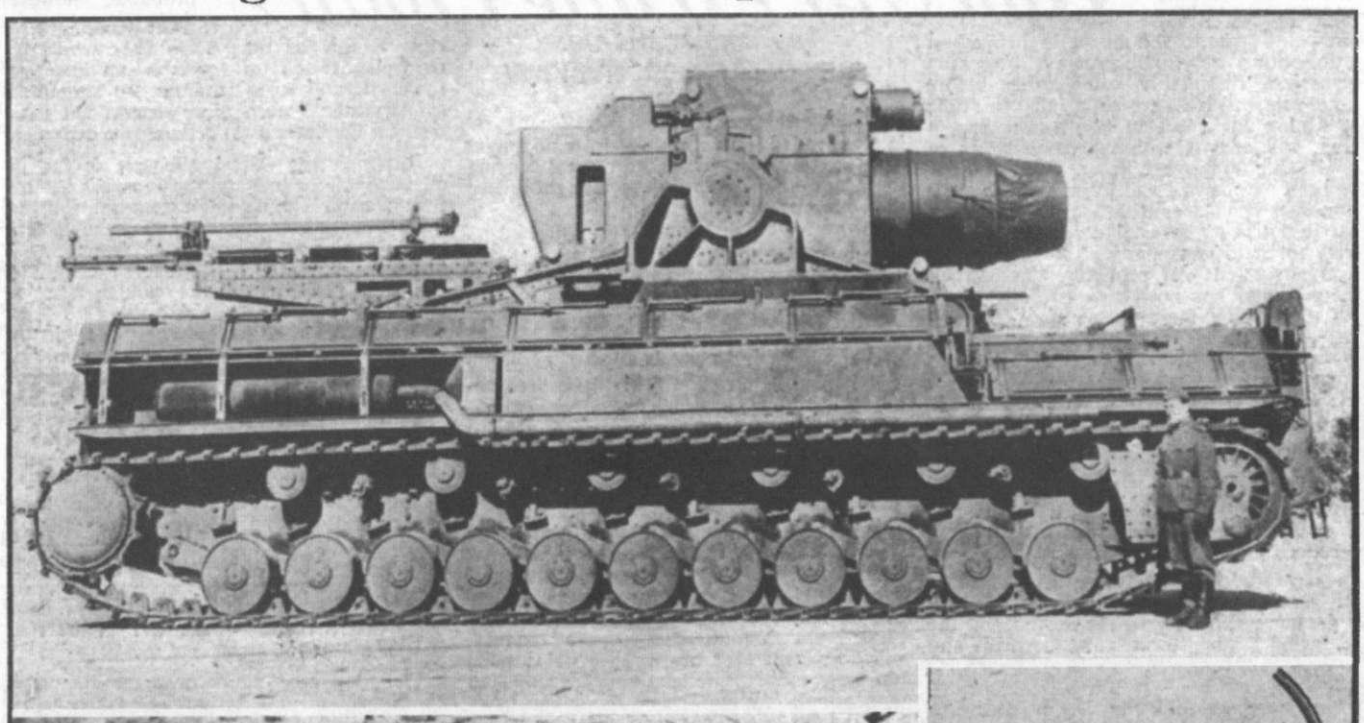
That Japanese pilots now rarely accept combat should not, I think, be taken as an indication of lowered morale, for that is the normal policy of the weaker side desirous of husbanding its resources. On the other hand, few cases have been reported of flinching in suicide attacks, although there is some evidence of lack of training in the delivery of the attacks. Without assuming that all Japanese pilots are ready to undertake suicide missions the possibility that large numbers of those in reserve are undergoing specialized training has to be considered.

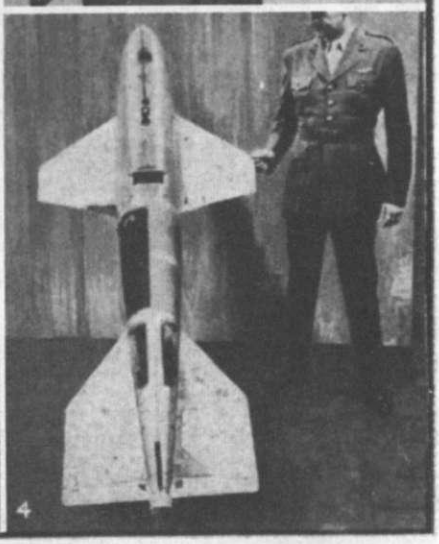
That Admiral Nimitz has now with impunity been able to bring the guns of his fleet into action on a maximum scale against shore targets is, however, clear proof of the extent to which the enemy's naval and air defences have broken down. It has been no mere hit-and-run attack but a deliberate bombardment of places where strong resistance might have been expected.

CHINA There are increasing signs that the Japanese are withdrawing from south China to the line of the Yangtse, and possibly a further withdrawal to the Yellow River is envisaged. War industries have long since been established in north China and Manchuria, and they evidently are being expanded. Raw material which the Japanese islands lack is obtainable in these areas, and Japanese man-power is sufficient to provide large forces for the defence of the northern zone. Meanwhile, the Chinese operations in the south are proceeding favourably. A number of airfields have been recaptured and Chinese troops have advanced southwards up to the Indo-China frontier. The difficulty of maintaining adequate supplies of war material still, however, remains a limiting factor to the number of troops that can be employed and to the use that can be made of airfields. There is, therefore, not much prospect that the withdrawal of the Japanese will be hustled to any great extent.

THE future course of events is on the whole unpredictable, and above all it is impossible to foretell how long Japan's will to maintain a ruinous struggle may last. Her capacity to continue resistance if she is willing to face the sacrifices involved should not be underestimated, and has not yet been reduced to the same degree as was Germany's when she surrendered.

These Ingenious Nazi Weapons Arrived Too Late

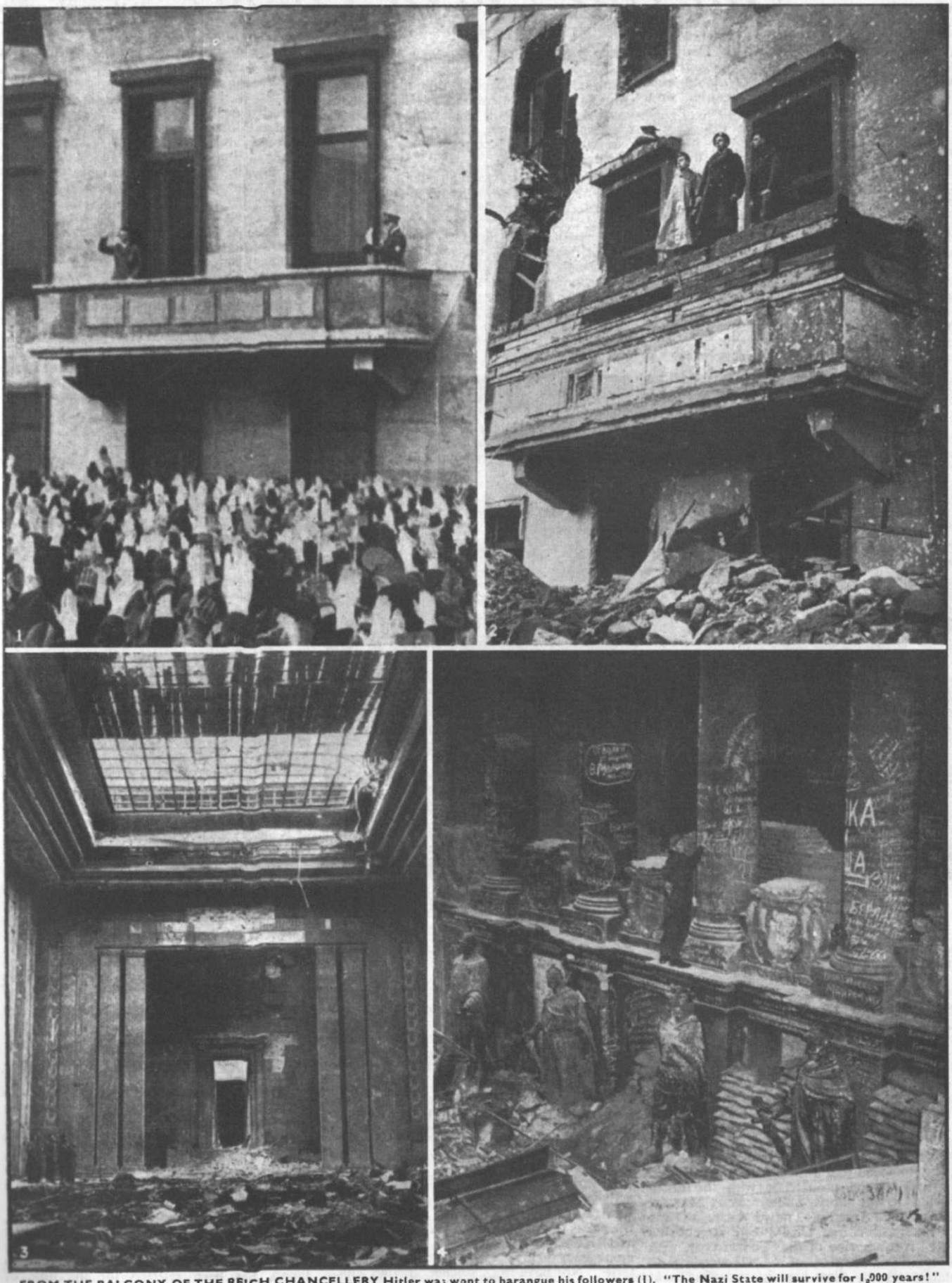




A 54-cm. SELF-PROPELLED MORTAR, weighing 120 tons (1), was among the monstrous weapons devised by the Germans, but never used against us; it is capable of firing a 1-ton projectile 14,000 yds. With a reputed range of 80 miles, these 400-ft. long pipe-like "projectors" (2), were found sited in the French cliffs and trained directly on London. They were intended to fire a fin-stabilized shell 92 ins. long. An Allied officer examines a round-the-corner rifle (3), fitted with special sights but more tricky than accurate. A rocket-propelled guided missile (4); in the experimental stage, it is 100 ins. long, with a wing-span of almost 36 ins. On July 12, 1945, Lord Brabazon, former Minister of Aircraft Production, declared that on the day the first V2 was launched against Britain, every other form of war weapon was rendered obsolescent.

Photos, Keystone

Hitler's Worst Nightmare Was Never Like This



FROM THE BALCONY OF THE REICH CHANCELLERY Hitler was wont to harangue his followers (1). "The Nazi State will survive for 1,000 years!" he thundered on May 4, 1941. Four years later his favourite balcony had other occupants (2)—British soldiers who gazed down curiously on the shattered remains of the Fuehrer's capital. Within the Chancellery itself the great main hall was a desolation open to the sky (3). Half-a-mile away, on the pillared facade of the gutted Reichstag, men of the Red Army had left their mark (4).

Photos, Keystone, G.P.U., Daily Mirror

With Our Navies Today

By
FRANCIS E. McMURTRIE

DISTANT though V Day may already seem, repercussions of the naval war in Europe continue to be felt. In the Atlantic the danger from drifting mines is likely to continue for a long time. Several are reported to have been washed up on seaside beaches in this country recently; and one was responsible for the loss off the Lizard of H.M. trawler Kurd, with 15 out of the 26 officers and men on board, on July 10. It has been stated that this was the first naval vessel to be lost through enemy action since V Day, but that is not correct. On May 12 a British motor gunboat was sunk through striking a floating mine in the middle of the North Sea.

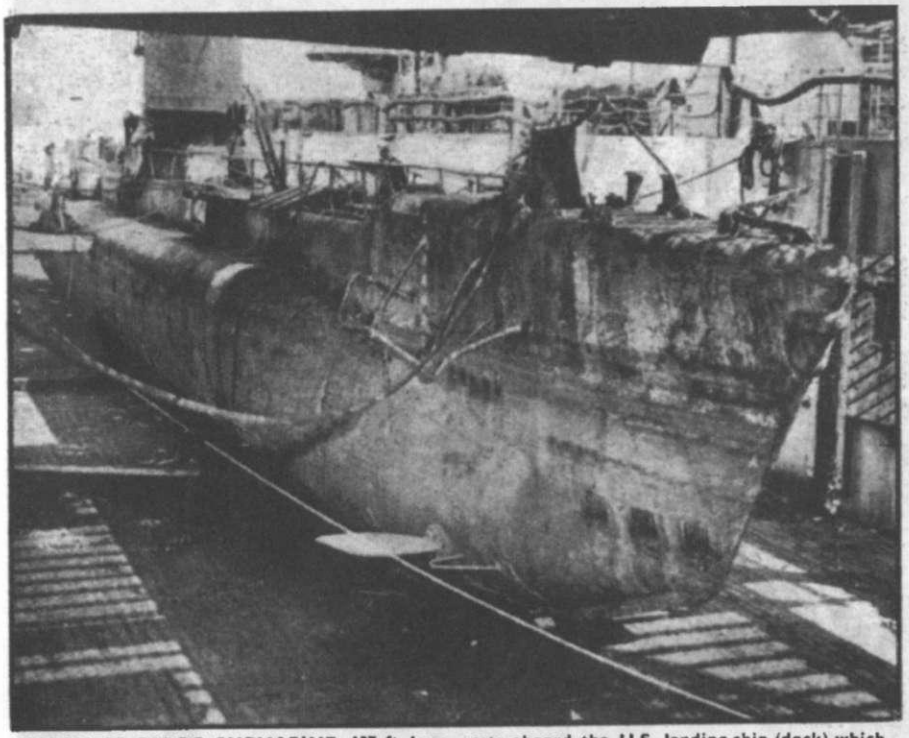
For a time it was imagined that the destruction of the Brazilian cruiser Baia off St. Paul's Rocks, 100 miles from Pernambuco, was also due to a mine; but the ship is now thought to have been lost through one of her magazines exploding. She was a vessel of 3,150 tons, built on the Tyne in 1909, and modernized about 20 years ago. Of her complement of about 400, all seem to have been lost except 33 picked up by the Lamport and Holt liner Balfe, and 45 who reached the island of Fernando Noronha on a raft. This is the third ship of the Brazilian Navy to become a total casualty since that force became involved in war against the Axis. About a year ago the surveying vessel Vital de Oliveira was torpedoed by a German submarine; and almost at the same time the minelayer Camaqua foundered in heavy weather while on escort duty.

THERE was a tendency at first, when it was supposed that a mine had sunk the Baia, to connect the occurrence with the unexpected arrival shortly afterwards at Mar del Plata, the Argentine naval base, of the German submarine U530. She is reported to be a submarine of the 700-ton type, with a total complement of 54. According to statements by her captain, a lieutenant whose name is given variously as Wermhutt or Wemoutt, this U-boat had been on patrol for four months. If this is true, it is obvious that she must have been obtaining supplies from somewhere, or was concealed in some harbour for part of the time. Since the foregoing was written, the presence in Argentine waters of a second U-boat has been reported.

It is tempting to speculate whether, in fact, U530 may not have made her escape from a German port immediately prior to the surrender, in order to facilitate the escape of war criminals. It may be assumed that the United Nations will insist on the submarine and everyone belonging to her being given up, in order that a strict inquiry may be made into all the circumstances of the case. Failing some such action, there would very soon be a whispering campaign set on foot in Germany to the effect that the Fuehrer was taken to safety in her, to return in due course and re-establish Nazi domination. In the Far East, one of the last remaining cruisers of the Japanese Navy, the 10,000-ton Asigara, has been torpedoed and sunk by H.M. submarine Trenchant in the Java Sea. She was launched in 1928 and mounted ten 8-in. guns as her main armament. During the Coronation Review at Spithead in May 1937 the Asigara represented Japan, and gave an elaborate reception. Tea was taken on the quarterdeck; those who cared for it being invited below to drink saki in the wardroom. A display of wrestling by a picked team of athletes from Tokyo was the outstanding item in the entertainment.

Otherwise there has been no fresh sign of activity on the part of the Japanese fleet, surviving units of which are now mostly in the naval ports of Yokosaka, on Tokio Bay, and Kure, in the Inland Sea, repairing damage or being used as anti-aircraft batteries. Nor have the "suicide" planes which gave trouble to Allied naval forces during the reduction of Okinawa been so much in evidence in recent weeks. It is now known that three of H.M. aircraft carriers received some damage from attacks of this kind.

According to the account given to the Press by the commanding officer of one of them, the Illustrious, Captain C. E. Lambe, C.B., C.V.O., R.N., a suicide aircraft crashed on the flight deck of the carrier just by the island superstructure, producing a spurt of flame as the petrol tank exploded. Fortunately the fire was overcome before it could spread, and in 20 minutes the ship's own machines were landing on the flight deck again. In another similar attempt a Japanese plane made a forty-degree power dive which occupied just 11 seconds before it crashed into the sea, heavily hit by the anti-aircraft fire of the carrier. This time the aircraft just missed the island superstructure and passed ahead of the bridge as it descended. One or two of the aircraft on the flight deck were damaged by the huge splash caused by the enemy's dive into the sea. For some obscure reason most of these suicide planes appear to carry a rubber dinghy as part of their equipment. So far not a single British carrier has been put out of action for more than a few hours.



JAPANESE CARGO SUBMARINE, 137 ft. long, rests aboard the U.S. landing ship (dock) which transported it from the Pacific to the port of San Francisco to be repaired and put on public display. It was found abandoned by the enemy in Lingayen Gulf in the Philippines, scene of heavy fighting in the early months of 1945. *Photo, Associated Press*

WITH Okinawa and some smaller adjacent islands firmly in Allied hands, the bombing of Japanese cities and factories is being intensified. On July 14 a task force of the United States Navy under Rear-Admiral J. F. Shafroth, comprising the 35,000-ton battleships Indiana, Massachusetts and South Dakota, the heavy cruisers Chicago and Quincy, and sundry other vessels, approached closely to the main island of Japan (Honshu) to bombard the port of Kamaishi. This lies on the east coast, between Miyako and Sendai, and about 275 miles to the north-eastward of Tokyo Bay. Its importance lies in its steel foundries, blast furnaces and coke ovens which, owing to the devastation wrought in other centres farther south, were playing an essential part in maintaining Japanese war production. No opposition whatever was encountered; if there were any shore batteries they do not seem to have opened fire, and not a single aircraft appeared. For two hours the bombardment continued, leaving the town covered by a pall of dense smoke, rising thousands of feet into the air.

Subsequently, Hakodate and Muroran, in the northern island of Hokkaido, and the Hitachi copper-smelting area and other objectives nearer Tokyo, were the targets for similar attacks by British and U.S. naval forces.

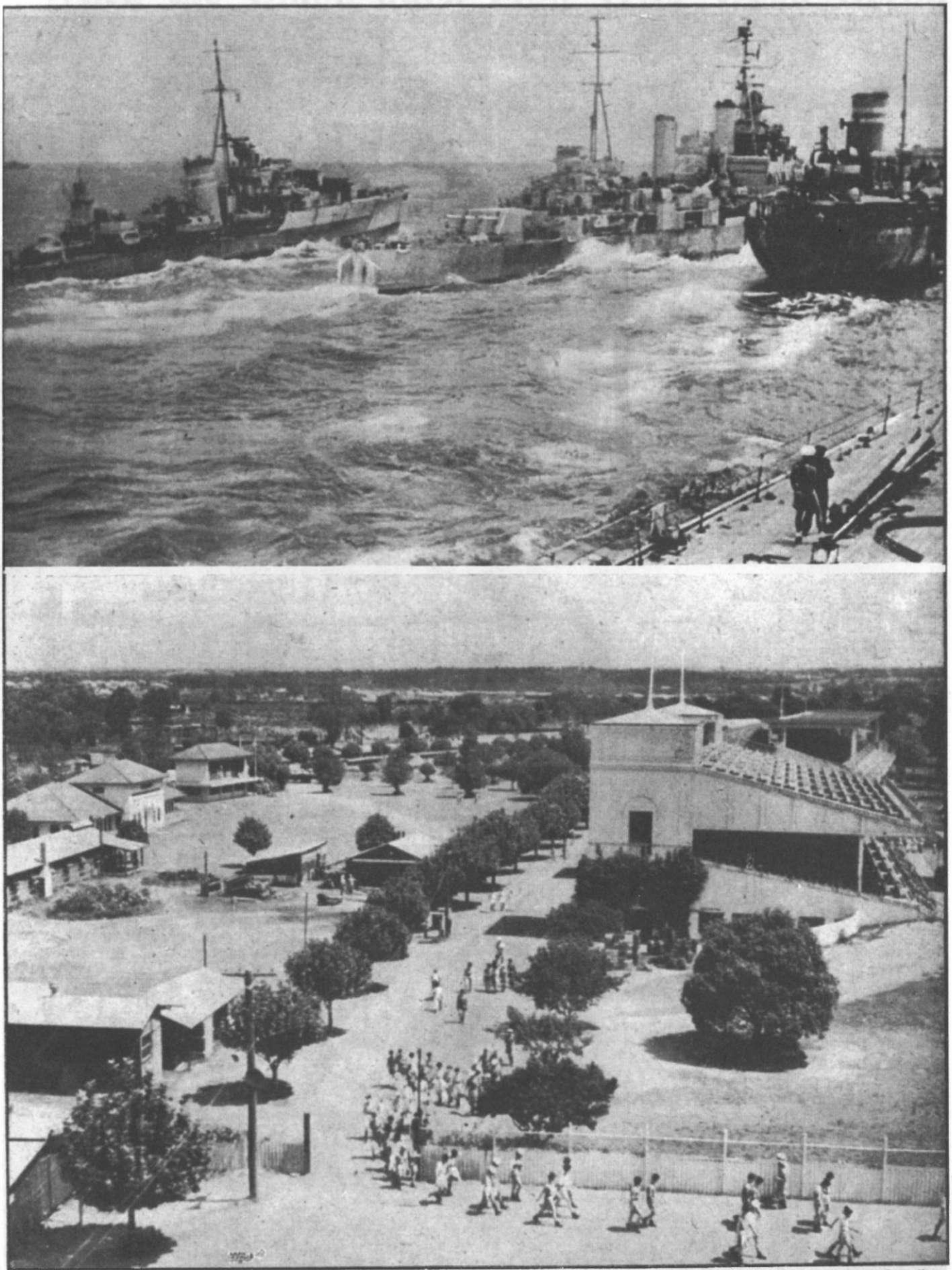
Another operation which goes to show Japanese impotence at sea was the close approach recently made to Karafuto, the southern portion of the island of Sakhalin, by an American task force under Vice-Admiral F. J. Fletcher, which entered the Sea of Okhotsk, inside the chain of islands known as the Kuriles. The northern half of Sakhalin belongs to Russia, and the southern part to Japan.

JAPANESE Fishing Fleet Driven from Waters Round Sakhalin

It is probable that one of the objects of the attack on Karafuto was to interfere with the shipment of coal to Hokkaido, the northernmost of the Japanese main islands, where there is considerable industrial activity. An enemy convoy of six ships was wiped out, and the fishing fleet which supplies so large a proportion of Japan's meals was driven from these waters.

Vice-Admiral Marc A. Mitscher, U.S.N., whose name has been prominently in the news during his command of the task force which has carried out so many air raids on Japan, has been selected for the post of Deputy-Chief of Naval Operations (Air) in the Navy Department at Washington, where his experience should be of the utmost value.

Afloat and Ashore with Our Pacific Fleet



OPERATING OFF THE RYUKYUS in April and May 1945 an Australian destroyer with the British Pacific Fleet transferred mails to a Canadian cruiser seen (top) refuelling in rough seas from the same oiler as the British battleship in the foreground. Warwick Farm (bottom), famous race-course near Sydney, New South Wales, was transformed into a Royal Naval barracks and British Pacific Fleet transit camp. Known as H.M.S. Golden Hind, it is magnificently appointed, the grandstand being now a spacious canteen ; there is also an open-air concert platform. See pages 135, 192, and page 423, Vol. 8.

Photos, British Official

The Men from Alamein Came to Journey's End—

GUARDING H.Q., BRITISH TROOPS IN BERLIN, when our advance units moved in on July 3, 1945, was this N.C.O. of the Corps of Military Police (1). Present at the flag-breaking ceremony at the Victory monument were (2, left to right): Lt.-Gen. Sir Ronald Weeks (representing F.-M. Montgomery); Maj.-Gen. F. L. Parks (U.S.); Maj.-Gen. Baranov (U.S.S.R.); Gen. V. de Beauchesnes (France); and Maj.-Gen. L. O. Lyne (British C.-in-C., Berlin). The 11th Armoured Brigade (3) led the way into the German capital, as Gen. Lyne took the salute.

—When the Union Jack Flew Over Dead Berlin

THE BRITISH FLAG WAS FLOWN in the heart of the Reich for the first time on July 6, 1945—at the base of Berlin's 1870 Victory Memorial in the Koenigs-Platz. After the brisk ten-minute ceremony the British troops—led down the Sieges Allee by pipers of the Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders of Canada, first of our soldiers to enter Holland—returned to their posts. The march past was taken by Maj.-Gen. Louis O. Lyne, O.C. British troops, Berlin area, in the presence of U.S., Soviet and French military representatives. See also pages 197, 217 and 222 *Photo, Keystone*

82 Days that Lost the War for Japan

Springboard for the final assault on the Nippon mainland, Okinawa fell to American forces on June 21, 1945, after a fanatical defence which cost the United States the highest price she has yet paid for any island in the Pacific. This authoritative survey of the bitter 82-days campaign was written expressly for "The War Illustrated."

THE American victory at Okinawa—the bloodiest and toughest yet wrested from the Pacific—ended one phase of the Far East war and set the stage for the closing act. This small island, of about 485 square miles, has a significance in the fighting picture out of all proportion to its size. It constitutes the last island stepping-stone on the Allied road to the enemy's mainland and its conquest is the death-blow to any Japanese hopes of final victory.

With the occupation of Okinawa, Tokyo has been virtually defeated at sea and in the air, and the final clash between Allied land forces and the bulk of the Japanese armies is now tensely awaited by the enemy. With Okinawa, island-hopping in the Pacific is practically over, and the Japs themselves realize invasion is inevitable.

To the enemy the Okinawa conquest means an early and terrible intensification of the air raids which have already inflicted serious damage upon Japan's industrial cities, her ports, her shipping, and her aerodromes. Up to now these wounds have been dealt by squadrons of long-range aircraft operating at first from southern China and more recently from bases in the Mariana Islands, more than 1,300 miles from the nearest targets in Japan. The airfields of Okinawa are less than a third of that distance away.

EXPERTS have calculated that airstrips constructed on the island by the Japs in the vain hope of protecting this fortification and thus fending off the full violence of amphibious invasion from their mainland, together with those which American engineers are now rapidly preparing, can accommodate at least 1,000 planes of the most powerful types. In addition to aircraft based on Okinawa, the Allied air potential for striking Japanese home cities includes the squadrons operating from more distant bases, and the carrier-borne planes, fighters, light and medium bombers, and fighter-bombers, which have been increasingly active over Japan since the defeat and virtual blockade of the Japanese battle fleet.

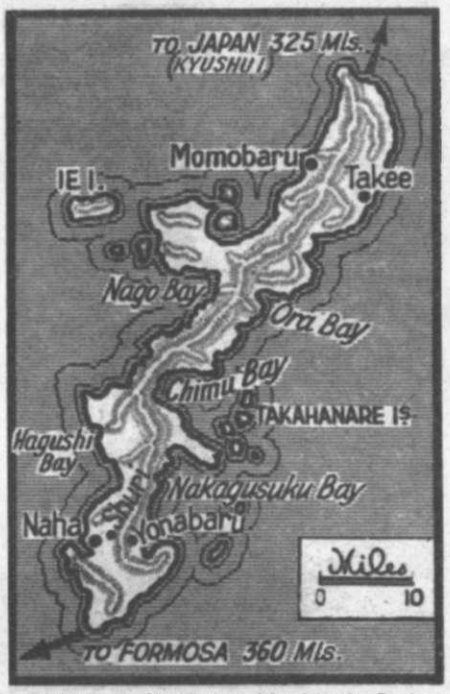
In less than two weeks after organized resistance on the island came to an end, American B-25 Mitchell bombers, operating for the first time from the newly won base, hammered enemy suicide plane bases on Kyushu, marking a beginning of the increasing air blows which are being launched against Japan proper from these airfields.

Base for Land and Sea Attacks

Okinawa, in addition to its strategic position as an airbase, affords a base near Japan for the assembling of hundreds of thousands of troops which can be deployed for an invasion of the enemy homeland. From the naval standpoint, the island boasts at least three protected anchorages —Hagushi Bay on the west, where the Americans landed, and on the other side, Chimu Bay and Nakagusuku Bay, well sheltered from typhoons, and with accommodation for a large modern fleet which will simplify problems of supply in future attacks on the Japanese home islands.

The Okinawa operations presented, in one campaign, all the problems of Far Eastern fighting with which the Allies have had to contend in various phases of Pacific warfare since 1941 as well as new hazards never before encountered in Pacific landings. During the campaign American troops had to cope with the problem of a large civilian population which had hampered operations in the Philippines and Burma. The U.S. forces underwent simultaneous attacks by land, sea and air power as they had done before at Iwojima. Caves and other hidden positions gave the Japanese superb artillery sites and equally good "spotting" posts for directing their guns. Skilfully employing their weapons against the invading forces, the Japs made especially clever use of their new giant mortars which throw 1,000-pound projectiles. Seeking to gain only a few yards of ground, the Americans sometimes had to face automatic fire from five different points.

The Japanese used suicide forces as a defence measure as well as a battle tactic. The "Kamikaze," Jap pilots who dived their planes and bombloads squarely into naval and merchant vessels, were used in other



OKINAWA, 60-mile-long island in the Ryukyus, cost the Japanese 113,351 casualties in just under twelve weeks' fighting; U.S. 10th Army casualties totalled 46,319. **See page 117.**
By courtesy of The Daily Herald

campaigns but never with such frequency as at Okinawa. A new type of "Kamikaze" personnel emerged from the campaign. The island had been a training base for suicide swimmers and boatmen. The suicide boats, abandoned by the swimmers at the final moment of attack, carry in their bows explosives and rockets which fire upon impact. The Japs also experimented with a new type of flying bomb. A more accurate weapon than the German one, the bomb was piloted by a suicide flyer (see illus. p. 178).

THE 82-day campaign was launched on Easter Sunday, April 1, when the 10th U.S. Army, under the command of the late Lieut.-Gen. Simon D. Buckner, Jr., invaded the island. (Gen. Buckner was killed by a shell on June 17, his command being temporarily taken over by Maj.-Gen. Roy S. Geiger and on June 21 by Gen. Joseph Stilwell). The 10th Army making the landing comprised one corps of four U.S. Army divisions, and one corps of two U.S. Marine divisions (the 3rd Marine Amphibious Corps, under Maj.-Gen. Geiger). The opposition to the initial landings was so slight that it gave no indication of the grim struggle ahead.

Turning southward the Army divisions ran against the main Jap forces and prepared defences, and the advance slowed into an artillery and infantry slogging match. The Japs dug themselves into caves and along high ridges and the southern front became a series of hand-to-hand encounters supplemented by use, where possible, of flame-throwing tanks. American troops had to fight over and through hills honeycombed with caves and tunnels and the most elaborate system of concealed fortifications they had encountered in the Pacific war.

The defence was as skilful as it was determined, and the strong, well-prepared and well-equipped enemy of around 120,000 men had orders to hold out to the end. Japanese losses were fantastic, totalling more than 1,000 a day. There was no relenting. Every Jap pillbox had to be taken individually and destroyed by demolition charges.

Heavy Toll of U.S. Ships

During the vital stage of the Okinawa fighting the Allied naval forces, under the general Navy command of Adm. Chester Nimitz, sustained high casualties and lost more ships than in any other single Pacific engagement. The Japanese Navy took this heavy toll despite the fact that its battle fleet was virtually destroyed before the campaign even opened. It turned almost its entire remaining fleet air arm, together with small surface units such as torpedo-boats, into one great terrible suicide force.

The protracted and critical battle gradually subsided in violence as the American troops and Marines smashed their way through to the southern cliffs of the island and divided the enemy into shattered remnants, and on June 21, organized Jap resistance ceased. But during the 12-week battle the United States paid dearly to win their springboard for an attack on the Chinese or Japanese coasts. The American casualty figure of 46,319, of which 11,897 were killed or taken prisoner and 34,422 wounded, shocked the nation and drew fierce criticism from some military commentators.

Assessing the price paid by America for the island, however, Mr. Robert P. Patterson, U.S. Under-Secretary of War, said: "Considering the airfields and ports we have won on Okinawa, the size of the enemy force we have overcome and the damage done to enemy aeroplanes, airfields, warships and industrial war-making ability in the homeland in these last three months, the cost to us has not been heavy."

COSTLY as the operations were to the United States, Japanese losses were far higher. The enemy lost 113,351 men, of which 9,498 were taken prisoner, and suffered destruction of 3,776 planes at a cost of 650 American planes shot down.

If Okinawa cost the Americans more than they had reckoned, the same thing was most certainly true of the Japanese. The enemy spent a large part of his dwindling naval and army air forces against the Okinawa armada. The Japanese garrison on the island probably did not amount to much in the over-all total of Japan's fighting forces, but the aircraft and other naval units, cut down like flies off Okinawa, belonged to the last-ditch defences of the homeland itself.

The campaign on Okinawa, small when compared to the later actions that must be fought, was a vivid illustration of the time it takes to subdue a beaten enemy, and proved that final surrender will be bought only by a high price in life, blood and money.

Okinawa—Island of Bitter Battles—is Purged

AFTER 82 DAYS OF THE TOUGHEST FIGHTING IN THE PACIFIC, Okinawa fell to the U.S. 10th Army on June 21, 1945. Marines warily entered minestrewn Naha, the capital (1) on May 27; others boldly dashed across the open (2) in the final stages of the campaign. Watching the end at Naha were Maj.-Gen. Lemuel C. Shepherd (3, left), commanding U.S. 6th Marine Division, and (right) Lieut.-Gen. Simon Bolivar Buckner, commander of U.S. 10th Army (killed in action on June 17). A landing net (4) used to scale a stronghold.

Photos, U.S. Official, Associated Press, Keystone

Now It Can Be Told!

HOW WE WON THE BATTLE OF THE SEA-MINES

THE acute shortage of tennis balls during the war with Germany has now been explained. They assisted the Royal Navy to achieve victory in the first technical battle of the war: the battle of the magnetic mine. It is part of one chapter in the great and yet-to-be-told history of the triumphs of British minesweepers and scientists who so brilliantly countered Germany's determined efforts to block our ports and destroy our shipping by mining.

Heavy, and for a time unexplained, shipping casualties in the early days of the war were traced to the enemy's magnetic mine (see story in page 124, Vol. 7). Competition was keen among technical and scientific experts to discover the antidote to this mine; finally there emerged the one completely successful method, which proved so effective that this particular mine menace never again reached dimensions comparable with those of the first year of the war.

This method was the double longitudinal sweep, which comprises two minesweeping ships each towing a long tail of self-buoyant electric cable. The current is generated in

TO destroy our shipping faster than new construction could replace it, to dislocate vital traffic and make our ports and channels unserviceable, was Germany's great mine-laying objective. To defeat it, British minesweepers and scientists played brilliant parts, as revealed in the following facts officially released in June 1945.

the ships, stored momentarily in batteries and passed through both cables as a large "surge." The current goes into the sea, and by this means ten or more acres of the sea bottom can be subjected to a magnetic field of sufficient strength and duration to explode all the magnetic mines therein. The ships towing the sweep proceed on their parallel courses and make a second "surge" of magnetic field, and in this way a continuous line of sea bottom is cleared, providing a safe channel through which ships can pass.

The main advantages of the double longitudinal are that the sweep is easy to tow and to handle, and it does not foul wrecks and buoys. It is not damaged by the explosion of the mines and it will sweep a large area with 100 per cent effectiveness. The original double longitudinal sweep was constructed on the shore of the Isle of Grain near Sheerness, and towed behind a tug. It was made from cable used for charging submarine batteries, and floated on logs originally intended to make masts for ships.

ON a day in late December 1939 two tugs, filled with motor-car batteries and each towing one of these "giant snakes," left Sheerness Harbour for the first full-scale trial. This trial confirmed the scientists' calculations of the current through the sea and of the magnetic field, but ended in one tug being marooned on a mud-bank with its "giant snake" coiled round its propeller. However, the answer was there, and that same evening orders went out from the Admiralty for the final modifications to the big programme of production, fitting out of ships, training of men, and so on, which had all been provisionally arranged in anticipation of success. The logs gave way to self-buoyant cable produced by two of the leading British cable manufacturers, and the menace of the magnetic mine had been overcome.

Those self-buoyant cables—that's where the tennis balls came in. One of the cable manufacturers said to himself, "We make both cables and tennis balls. So why not combine the two? Why not carry the heavy electric wires on cables made of tennis balls? Not just a ball here and there, for that would not give enough buoyancy; but tennis balls compressed and packed tightly one after the other to form one long, self-buoyant cable." And so 23 million balls went to make hundreds of buoyant sets involving over 1 million yards of cable.

Seas Cleared of 20,429 Mines

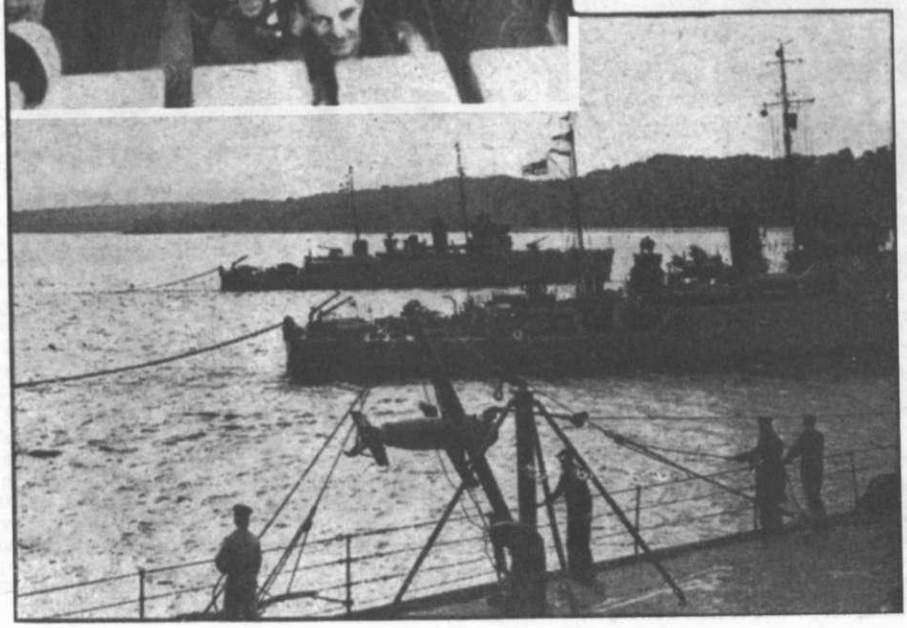
At the outbreak of war the minesweeping service of the Royal Navy consisted of about 36 fleet minesweepers and 40 trawlers, with a sea-going personnel of about 2,000. This was at first a polyglot fleet of fishing trawlers and drifters, paddle steamers, whale-catchers, tugs, yachts, mud-hoppers and dhows, assisted by a handful of fleet minesweepers. At the end of the war with Germany we had 1,350 minesweepers manned by about 50,000 officers and men.

Up to June 13, 1945, a total of 20,429 mines had been swept by British, Dominion and Allied sweepers, and German minesweepers operating under Allied control, that total being exclusive of operations carried out by sweepers of the U.S. Navy. Naturally the cost to the minesweepers has been heavy—237 lost: 99 by mining, 68 by aircraft attack, 70 by other causes.

In foreign waters our sweepers have done magnificent work; at home, credit was given in May 1945 to the achievements of the Liverpool minesweeping trawlers and motor minesweepers in clearing Liverpool Bay and the Mersey. So far, two sweeping flotillas and two trawler groups had steamed nearly 2 million miles and cleared 500 square miles from Holyhead to Cumberland.

THROUGHOUT the Liverpool air raids the sweeping continued, enabling the docks to deal with as near a normal flow of traffic as circumstances would permit. "We were at it day and night," said Lieut.-Cmdr. Matthews, D.S.C., M.M., R.N.V.R., of H.M.S. Hornbeam, "not only clearing and destroying mines but firing at the enemy aircraft and the mines as they came down by parachute. We used to be out five days at a time, dash back to harbour to restore, and then get out again. We came in one night to tie up at Wallasey, and got a frantic message to get out again as quickly as possible as we were 'sitting' on two mines!"

This mine-laying business was by no means one-sided, of course. We guarded ourselves with mines intended to protect our coastal shipping, and we hit back with offensive mining in enemy waters. It is revealed now that well over 250,000 sea-mines were laid by the Royal Navy, the Naval Air Arm and the R.A.F. during the War; and it is estimated that more than 1,000 enemy vessels were sunk or damaged by them. The number of mines laid by Britain alone exceeds by 14,000 the total number laid by *all* nations in the last war!



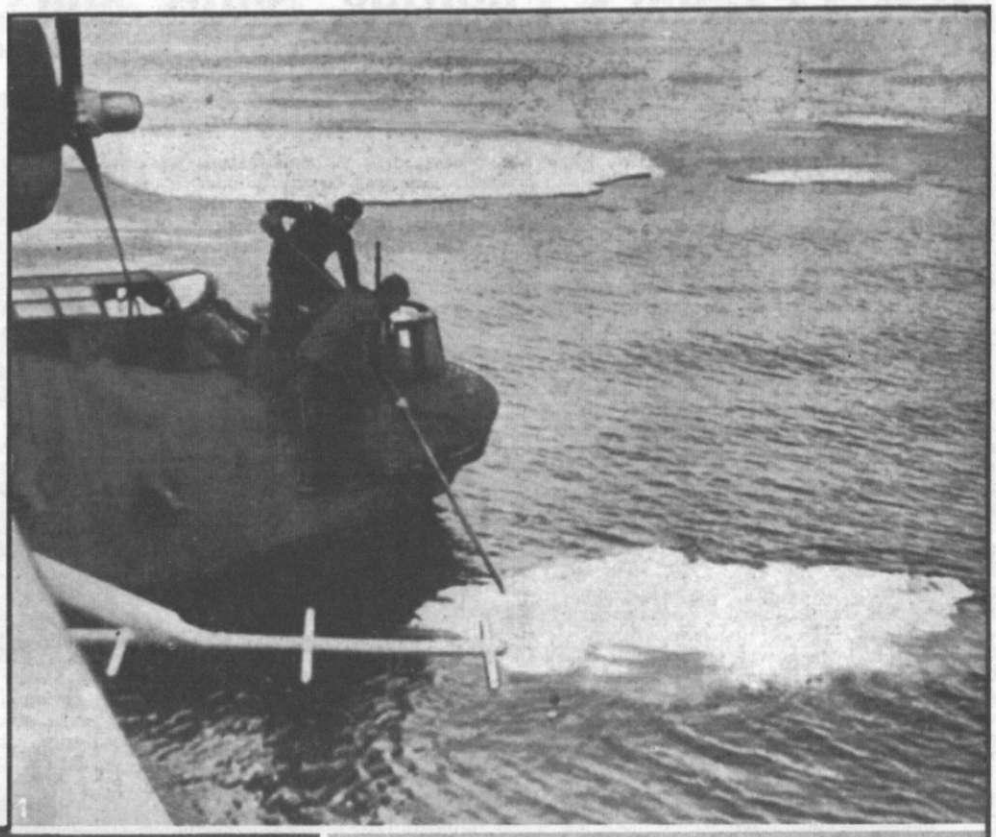
MINESWEEPING SECRETS of the war at sea divulged in this page, included "L.Ls," or double longitudinal sweeps, in which H.M. minesweepers towed long tails of "live" electric cable tightly packed with tennis balls to keep them afloat. After the day's work, Naval ratings (left) hauled in the magnetic "sweep" wires, two of which are seen (below) as they trailed from the stern of the operating craft at anchor.

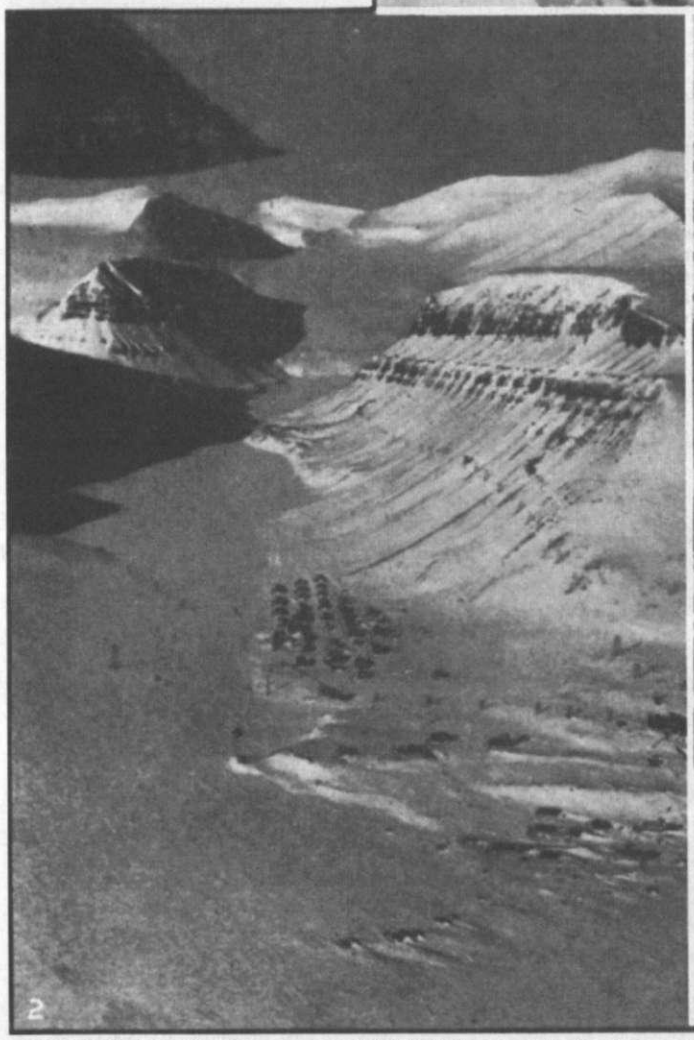
Photos, British Official

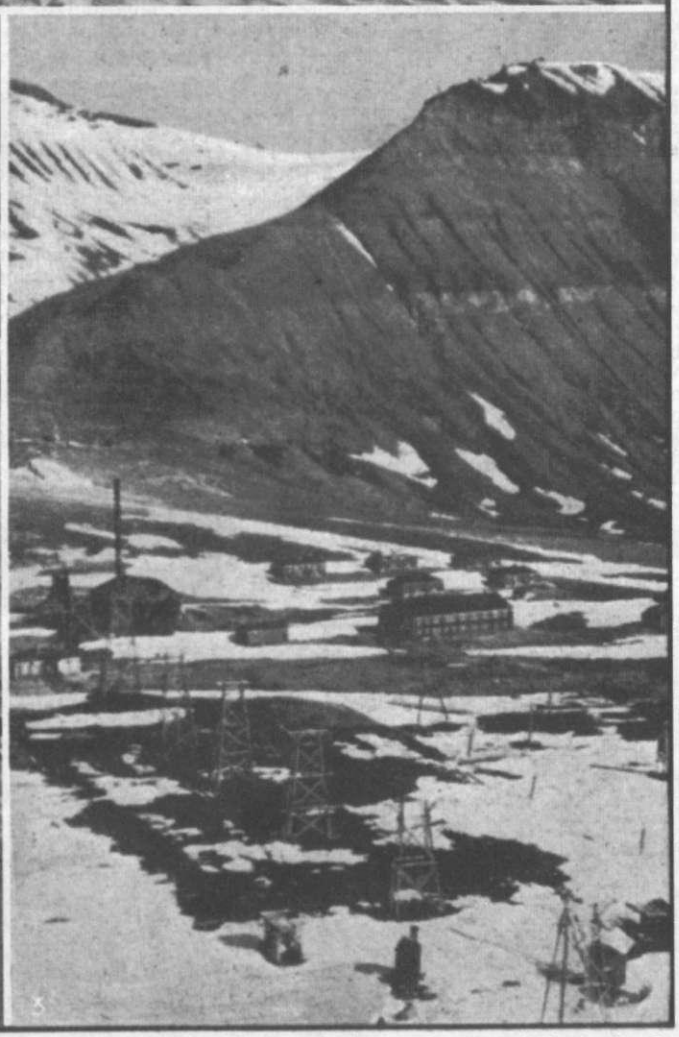
OUR "MET" MEN FOUGHT GERMANS IN THE ARCTIC

THE ARCTIC WASTES of Spitsbergen were in 1942 the scene of a great Allied adventure—it was disclosed on June 9, 1945—when a small meteorological party, established there to obtain vital weather information for the North Russian Convoy system, waged a five-months' "war" against Nazi meteorologists carrying out a similar task in a neighbouring fjord. For months they carried on, using a disused coalmine as shelter against ceaseless enemy air attack; while R.A.F. Coastal Command flying-boats kept them alive by dropping frequent supplies and evacuating wounded, as well as themselves carrying out valuable meteorological flights. Eventually, the enemy left the area, and the Allied scientists secured the all-important data.

The "Met" force arrive at Barentsburg, in Ice Fjord, on May 13, 1942—under the enemy's noses. The following day, while they were breaking the ice in Green Harbour, their ships were viciously attacked by four Focke-Wulf 200s. Only two of the 40 men sheltering behind tiny hummocks on the ice were, hit, however; although heavier casualties were sustained on the ships. Food, arms and clothing were lost, but the party managed to make do with old padded jerkins left behind by former Russian mineralogists, with dentists' white coats and bed-linen from the same source as camouflage.







ON RESCUE MISSION to a secret Allied "Met" station in the Arctic archipelago of Spitsbergen, 360 miles north of Norway, in 1942—details of which have just been released—the crew of a R.A.F. Coastal Command flying-boat (1) fended off drift-ice as they lay at anchor. The wireless station in Advent Bay (2) under the shadow of towering snow-clad mountains was close to a similar "Met" organization operated by the Nazis. Allied scientists' H.Q. (3) at Sveagruya, showing buildings and radio masts. *Photos, British Official*

New Zealand's Fighting Ships and Men at War

A recent official message expressing appreciation of the very valuable services rendered by the R.N.Z.N. contained the passage : "The Board of Admiralty and the officers and men of the Royal Navy and Royal Marines look forward to the continued co-operation of the Royal New Zealand Navy in bringing about the early defeat of Japan." Outstanding actions of the R.N.Z.N. are here recalled by FRANCIS E. McMURTRIE.

THE Royal New Zealand Navy was granted that title as recently as September 1941, but its actual existence began in 1913. In that year the New Zealand Division of the Royal Navy was formed, with a Captain, R.N., as Senior Officer. It was composed of three small cruisers, the Philomel, Psyche and Pyramus, and a sloop, the Torch, partly manned by ratings recruited in the Dominion.

All four of these ships took part in the First Great War. They escorted convoys across the Indian Ocean, patrolled the East African coast and the Persian Gulf, and shared in the occupation of German territory in Samoa and New Britain. After a time the Psyche was transferred to the Royal Australian Navy, while the Philomel was made over entirely to New Zealand for use as a training ship. In May 1920, with the return of peace conditions, the New Zealand Division was reconstituted. The Philomel was joined by H.M.S. Chatham, a cruiser of 5,400 tons, which was presented to the Government of the Dominion by the Admiralty. Captain A. G. Hotham, R.N., was appointed to her with the rank of Commodore, second class, for command of the N.Z. Division.

WITHIN a year the New Zealand Naval Board was constituted. It was modelled on the lines of the Admiralty, with the Commodore as the First Naval Member. This arrangement has stood the test of time, and holds good today. In the years between the two wars the strength of the force gradually increased. By 1939 it included the cruisers Achilles and Leander, of 7,030 and 7,270 tons respectively, both maintained at the charge of the New Zealand Government. A couple of sloops attached to the station remained the responsibility of the Admiralty.

There were besides certain local units which were entirely New Zealand property ; these were the veteran training ship Philomel, built as long ago as 1890, the trawler Wakakura and the fleet tug Toia. To these have since been added five corvettes—one of which has been lost—and 18 additional trawlers. The latter are mostly organized in flotillas for minesweeping. Most recent and important of the war additions is the fine new cruiser Gambia, of 8,000 tons.

IN the Battle of the River Plate (see pages 303-306, Vol. 2), one of the three cruisers which drove the Admiral Graf Spee into Montevideo, a beaten ship, was the Achilles. She was largely manned by New Zealanders, who were highly commended by their commanding officer, Captain W. E. Parry, in his report after the action. Though no less hotly engaged than her consorts, the Achilles was more fortunate in that she received damage of a less severe nature. All eight of her 6-in. guns continued to fire throughout the action. In the final phase she was assigned the task of shadowing the Admiral Graf Spee right up the estuary of the Plate until it was certain she was entering the port of Montevideo. Of the other two ships, H.M.S. Ajax had taken a course to the southward of the large sandbank which lies in the mouth of the estuary, in case the enemy ship should try to double back around it ; and H.M.S. Exeter, which had been badly knocked about early in the day, had been obliged to break off the action to repair damages.

A Great Ovation for the Achilles

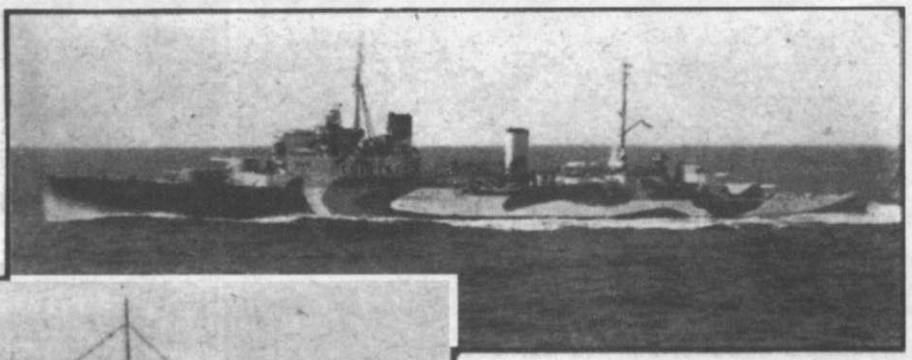
Rear-Admiral Sir Henry Harwood in his dispatch records "the honour and pleasure I had in taking one of His Majesty's ships of the New Zealand Division into action," and declared that "New Zealand has every reason to be proud of her seamen during their baptism of fire." As may be imagined, the Achilles and her officers and men received a great ovation when the ship returned to New Zealand waters a few months later.

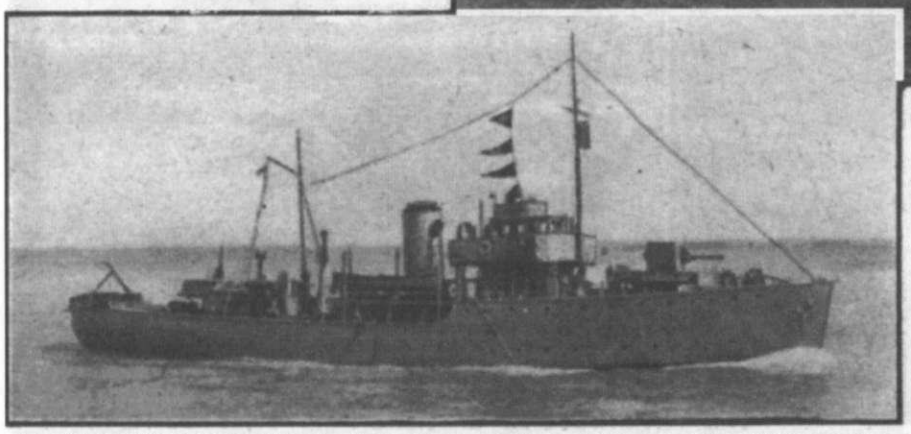
Her sister ship, the Leander, saw a good deal of service in the Mediterranean and the Indian Ocean. In March 1941 she intercepted the Italian armed merchant cruiser Ramb I, an ex-banana carrier, in the latter area, and sank her by gunfire. Two months later, while cruising in company with H.M.A.S. Canberra, she was responsible for rounding up the German merchant vessel Coburg, which had been acting as a supply ship to enemy raiders, as well as a Norwegian tanker which had been captured.

In June 1941 the Leander was one of a squadron operating against French naval forces under the orders of the Vichy Government off the Syrian coast. Later she returned to the Pacific, and in company with the Achilles and certain ships of the Royal Australian Navy, was attached to the task force of the United States Navy operating in the Solomon Islands area. More than once she was in action with Japanese cruisers and destroyers, and is understood to have sustained some damage.

Amongst the first war-built ships of the R.N.Z.N. to come into service were the three corvettes Kiwi, Moa and Tui. All three were built at Leith, the order for their construction having been placed before the war. On the night of January 29-30, 1943, the Kiwi and Moa, while on patrol to the northward of the island of Guadalcanal, in the Solomons, detected the presence of a Japanese submarine of 1,600 tons. Depth charges were at once dropped, and the enemy was forced to the surface. A brisk gun duel ensued between the submarine, which mounted a 5·5-in. gun, firing an 80-lb. shell, and the Kiwi. The latter carried a single 4-in., whose projectile weighs only 31 lb. Several hits were scored on the enemy, which was also rammed three times by the Kiwi. In attempting to escape the submarine ultimately ran into shallow water and struck a reef, on which she was completely wrecked.

ON April 7, 1943, the gallant little Moa was lost. She fell a victim to a cluster of bombs dropped by Japanese aircraft during an attack on the U.S. positions at Tulagi. H.M.N.Z.S. Tui, the third of the trio of corvettes, was in action with another Japanese submarine in the Solomons area. She was supported by aircraft of the United States Navy, and the submarine was ultimately destroyed. It is believed to have been one of the largest type, with a displacement of 2,563 tons, and was probably carrying supplies to some isolated Japanese garrison.





IN SERVICE WITH THE R.N.Z.N., whose history is related in this page, is the 8,000-ton cruiser Gambia (top) which, completed in 1942 for the Royal Navy, has recently been in action with Admiral Sir Bruce Fraser's British Pacific Fleet, manned by New Zealand personnel. Scots-built corvette Kiwi (below) saw gallant service in the Solomons. *Photos, British Official*

These are merely the outstanding incidents in a series of active patrols carried out by these ships in hostile waters. When the full story of their achievements is released, it will be possible to fill in the gaps in this narrative. Many officers and men of the Royal New Zealand Navy are serving in ships of the Royal Navy and with the Naval Air Arm.

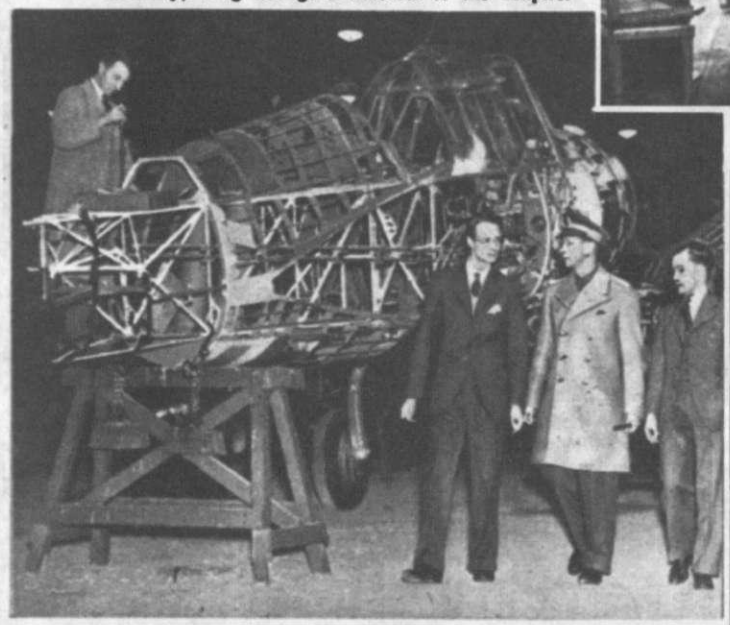
They have specially distinguished themselves in Coastal Forces, both in Home waters and in the Mediterranean. In the official report of a smart action in the North Sea on the night of March 21-22 last, when German motor torpedo boats were driven off with loss in an attempt to strike at a convoy, it was mentioned that H.M. corvette Puffin was commanded by a lieutenant-commander of the R.N.Z.N.V.R.

Our King & Queen Through the War Years

SEPTEMBER 3, 1939. On the day Britain declared war on Germany, King George broadcasts to the Empire.

DECEMBER 1939. Visit to units of the Royal Navy at Plymouth.

DECEMBER 1939. With the R.A.F. in France: entering an ack-ack post.



FEBRUARY 1940. Viewing the assembly line at an aircraft factory during a tour of military and civil defence centres in the West Country.

MARCH 1940. Inspecting the first magnetic mine to be salvaged.

JUNE 1940. Queen Elizabeth converses with wounded evacuated from Dunkirk.

JUNE 1940. While visiting an arms factory, the King makes himself acquainted with the working of a Bren gun.

JULY 1940. Dockyard workers loudly cheer King George during a visit to a famous naval port in Britain, where he inspected personnel of the Royal Navy and the Fleet Air Arm.

JULY 1940. At a Government Training Centre, the King, accompanied by Mr. Ernest Bevin, examines the mechanism of fuse and shell gauges.

AUGUST 1940. With a schoolboy harvester on a Southern England farm.

SEPTEMBER 1940. The Queen sympathizes with bombed-out Londoners.

SEPTEMBER 1940. After their own London home has been damaged by a bomb Their Majesties talk with Buckingham Palace Civil Defence staff.

NOVEMBER 1940. The day after the merciless air attack on Coventry, he sees for himself the ruined Cathedral.

FEBRUARY 1941. Inspecting units of his Indian troops stationed at a coast town in south-west England.

MAY 1941. Firing a tommy gun for the first time, while visiting Southern Command.

SEPTEMBER 1941. Inspection of Canadian Forestry Corps at Balmoral.

OCTOBER 1941. Boarding a landing craft during preliminary invasion exercises with the Scottish Command.

APRIL 1942. At Grenadier Guards' parade in honour of Princess Elizabeth's 16th birthday.

MAY 1942. King George takes the salute at a drive-past by tanks of the Guards' Armoured Division.

JUNE 1942. During their visit to Northern Ireland, Their Majesties spend a day with United States troops, inspecting men and equipment and watching manoeuvres.

OCTOBER 1942. Honoured guest of Their Majesties during her visit to London: Mrs. Eleanor Roosevelt.

MAY 1943. Examining photographs of Ruhr Valley dams after their bombing by the late Wing-Cmdr. G. P. Gibson, V.C. (on the King's right).

MAY 1943. At St. Paul's for the Thanksgiving Service after the African victory.

JUNE 1943. In Tunisia, cheering British troops line the route when the King inspects the 1st and 8th Armies at the victorious conclusion of the two-and-a-half years North African campaign.

JULY 1943. A warm handshake extended to Air Chief Marshal Sir Arthur Tedder, at Malta, G.C.

JULY 1944. Conferring accolade of knighthood on Gen. Sir Oliver Leese on the Italian battlefield.

MAY 1944. During the Empire Conference in London; with Mr. Churchill and Dominion premiers.

JULY 1944. With F.-M. Alexander in Italy, visiting 8th Army.

OCTOBER 1944. Studying the campaign on the spot: with Field-Marshal Montgomery in Normandy.

OCTOBER 1944. With Eisenhower and U.S. generals in France.

MAY 8, 1945. On V Day, triumphal celebration of victory in Europe. the Royal Family acknowledge cheers from Buckingham Palace.

VIEWS & REVIEWS

Of Vital War Books

by Hamilton Fyfe

I TAKE a family interest in submarines. My brother, Herbert C. Fyfe, wrote the first book about them. That was just before the end of last century, when most people either guessed little of their possibilities or dismissed the idea of under-water boats as "ridiculous Jules Verne stuff." Even now, says the writer of a Stationery Office booklet prepared by the Ministry of Information for the Board of Admiralty and called His Majesty's Submarines (price 9d.), "to the layman even now the submarine is still a novelty, strange and little understood"; this branch of the Navy is still "cloaked in mystery." Well, if that is so, this account of its doings in the European war will go far to dissipate the fog of ignorance. It will also spread more widely the admiration and gratitude felt by those who have been able to follow those doings closely, for the men who have shown such pluck and dogged endurance and, as the booklet puts it, "high-hearted determination," and contributed so mightily to the defeat of the German enemy.

What the crews of a submarine endure can be fully realized only by those who have served in one under war conditions. To begin with, there is very little room to move about or even to sit or lie still. The ship is "closely packed with a bewildering mass of pipes, valves, gauges, instruments, electric cables." The air becomes thick and sleepifying while you are submerged during the daylight hours. It is an immense relief when in the dark the vessel rises to the surface and the engines are started.

> Instead of the silence there are engine noises and the sound of the sea. The boat lurches into a roll, and men can move and breathe freely. A draught of fresh night air is sucked through. There comes the welcome order: Carry on smoking. Somebody begins a song. Breakfast will soon be ready. "Midday" dinner is at midnight, and supper just before dawn.

Soon after that the crew settle down with a sigh to another period of tedium, doing nothing for the most part, relieving their dry throats with boiled sweets, which are served out to them as a regular ration, and longing for the dark hours again.

Complicated and Deadly Instrument

But most of those who serve in submarines will agree that life in them has its compensations.

> In that small dim world below the sea there is a unique companionship. A submarine is a self-supporting unit and the members of her company must have confidence in each other. There is discipline, but with it a democratic spirit which compensates for much of the hardship. It is a rare comradeship shared by all, from the commanding officer to the youngest member of the crew.

Above all is it necessary that the captain should be trusted by his crew. He looks through the periscope, he alone knows what is happening above in sea and sky, he must decide swiftly what is to be done and he must decide correctly, for the slightest error, an inaccurate estimate of distance, or a few seconds' delay may cause not only the failure of an attack, but the destruction of the ship and the whole company.

"The most complicated and deadly instrument of war," the submarine is styled. The description is exact so far as it goes. We might add that it is among the most expensive. Not in itself only, but in the ammunition with which it does its deadly work. Each torpedo discharged costs £2,500, and is for its size as complicated a piece of mechanism as the submarine. Small submarines carry four, large ones eleven, ready to be fired; also some spares. The "human torpedo" (see illus. p. 775, Vol. 7) is for use against ships in harbour or at anchor which cannot be drawn into the open for a battle at sea. Two men wearing diving-suits sit astride it. They drive it slowly by its electric batteries towards the target, under which they dive. A charge like that of a torpedo is then detached and fixed to the hull of the enemy ship. A fuse is set and the "human torpedo" gets away as quickly as possible so as to be out of range when the explosion occurs.

His Majesty's Submarines

There are also midget submarines for use in much the same conditions. They did a fine job when they entered the Norwegian fjord where the German battleship Tirpitz lay and damaged her badly. Of this exploit, the full story has not yet been released, but what they did was to navigate first of all a thousand miles of rough sea, then to pass through the enemy minefield and go up the long, narrow fjord where "every conceivable device which could ensure their destruction" was known to be in use. They slid past listening posts, nets, gun defences. They actually reached the nets only two hundred yards from the Tirpitz, designed to protect it against such attacks as theirs. From there they launched their missiles. These caused an immense explosion. The battleship was lifted several feet into the air. One submarine was seen from the Tirpitz's deck and fired at with rifles. Guns were trained on their supposed positions, depth-charges were dropped. They could not make their way back out of the nets. Two were scuttled by their crews, who were then taken prisoner. The third was never heard of again. (See illus. page 183; also page 649, Vol. 7).

This operation "for daring and endurance is unique even in the annals of the Royal Navy."

"GONE NATIVE" for the occasion, these R.N. submarine officers enjoyed a brief respite in Far Eastern waters after destroying over 30 enemy coastal craft. Life in these undersea craft is vividly described in this page.

Photo, British Official

The effect of depth-charges bursting round a submarine is a severe test for the nerves.

> You hear faintly at first and then louder the "chuffle-chuffle" of a destroyer's screws. Then it comes—a great metallic clang, the "tonk" they call it. The boat shudders; the corking, a special form of paint used to prevent metal surfaces from sweating, falls in a white shower; depth gauges are put out of action; glass is broken. It comes again, a second terrible crash, followed by another, and the boat lurches and shudders. There is a pause and you wait for the next blow.

This might go on for as long as the best part of an hour. One captain, recording an attack which lasted forty minutes, said he was much impressed by the bearing of all hands during this unpleasant time, "but particularly so with that of J. V. Crosby, Acting Leading Telegraphist, who, knowing full well when an attack was developing, calmly continued giving the information for the records as though it was merely a peacetime exercise that was in progress." The sea-pressure on a submerged submarine is an added anxiety to its commander when a depth-charge attack is on. Its weight is some 130 pounds to the square inch, and it has been known to bend a steel pillar four inches thick.

FOUL air is another worry. This is sometimes so bad that it makes the engines difficult to start. Its effect on human beings can be imagined. In one engagement the Tetrarch was under water for 42 hours and 40 minutes. When she came to the surface and fresh air could be breathed again, most of the crew were dizzy, many violently sick. The harder you work, the more you exhaust the wholesome atmosphere, because you breathe more quickly. So the men in submarines have to spend as much time as possible, while they are submerged, lying still or at any rate doing as little as possible. This is the time when the boiled sweets come in useful—may even be life-savers. A bag of peppermint bull's-eyes has been known to revive a working party when they were literally gasping for air.

Bomb Disposal Under Difficulties

This was during the long ordeal undergone by the Spearfish when she was trapped in shallow water off Norway. Depth-charges exploded round her about every two minutes. Were the crew rattled? Listen!

> A sixpenny sweepstake was started among them on the time of the next explosion, the stake to be settled on the next pay-day. No words were spoken. A seaman moved softly through the boat, booking the bets, which were agreed to by signs.

Depth-charges were bad enough. Bombs from the air were worse. They could be avoided by submerging, but this was, to say the least of it, inconvenient. Highly dangerous was the situation of the Thrasher when it was discovered that two unexploded aircraft bombs lay on the forward casing. The discovery was made at night. The submarine lay on the surface, but the enemy patrols were not far off; at any moment she might have to submerge. Two of the crew, Lieut. Roberts and Petty-Officer Gould, volunteered to remove the bombs. They were exposed to two risks. The bombs might explode, the ship might have to go under suddenly, in which case they would almost certainly be dragged down and drowned. (See illus. page 59, Vol. 6).

They went about the operation with quiet confidence. It took fifty minutes, and they had only faint torchlight to work by. They had to lie on their stomachs, one pushing, one pulling, till they manœuvred the bombs overboard. Their task was not made easier by the second of the two missiles giving off a loud twanging sound every time it was moved, "which added nothing to their peace of mind," as the official report put it. They both received the award of the Victoria Cross, and well they deserved it.

Learning to Beat the Japanese--in Britain

IN A HOME-MADE "JUNGLE" IN DERBYSHIRE, at Rowsley, between Chatsworth and Haddon Hall, our experts back from Burma and the Pacific train troops for the final defeat of Japan. Favourite exercise is a mock-ambush of a "Japanese" patrol by a British Sten gunner (1). Having just "killed" an officer, this "Jap" (2) shammed death in a tree. Demonstration of an enemy fox-hole (3) complete with sniper, and identification of enemy badges (4): The British tommy in tropical war-kit carries a Mark V Sten gun and a short bayonet for jungle warfare. PAGE 212 *Photos, G.P.U.*

Lord Wavell Outlined His Plan at Simla

TALKS BETWEEN THE VICEROY AND INDIA'S LEADERS opened at Simla on June 25, 1945, only to break down on July 14. Before they began Lord Wavell (1) chatted with Dr. Maulana Abul Kalem Azad, President of Congress. The 21 Indian delegates included (2, left to right): Master Tara Singh, head of the Akali Sikhs; Malik Khisr Hyat Khan, Premier of the Punjab; Mr. M. A. Jinnah, President of the Moslem League; and Iman Hussain, leader of the Moslem League Party in the Council of State. Mr. Gandhi arrived by rickshaw (3). *Photos exclusive to* THE WAR ILLUSTRATED

Non-Fighting Heroes at the Front in China—

Sharing the Quaker view on war, these conscientious objectors have chosen the relief of suffering among the fighting-men and stricken civilians as alternative to combatant service. The work of one group of the Friends' Ambulance Unit, comprising 60 British, 15 American, a Canadian, an East Indian and 38 Chinese, is described here by SENYUNG CHOW.

ENGAGED in almost world-wide activity, the Friends' Ambulance Unit has done medical, relief, and transport work in England, Italy, France, Belgium, Holland, Greece, Albania, North Africa, the Dodecanese, Yugoslavia, Syria, Ethiopia, India and China. The origin of the society dates back to 1660, when a "Declaration from the Innocent and Harmless People of God, called Quakers" was made to King Charles II of England to "deny all outward wars and strife and fightings with outward weapons for any end, or under any pretence whatever."

However, the Unit as now constituted was not founded until the 1914-18 war, when a group of the members of the Society of Friends organized a team to do ambulance work with the Allied armies in France. In 1939, at the outbreak of the present war, the Unit was again brought into being. In China, it is supported financially by the American United China Relief, the British Government, and the Canadian War Relief Fund. A yearly contribution comes from the American United China Relief and a subsidy from the British Government.

IT is staffed with men and women from all walks of life and most of the foreigners speak good practical Chinese. There are Oxford and Harvard graduates driving trucks, school teachers supervising mechanical workshops, former college students cleaning charcoal filters and changing tires. The whole group ranges from civil servants and businessmen to lawyers, farmers, clerks and schoolboys. And all the members are living on the same financial basis. According to a voluntary rule, no personal money is allowed to be brought into China. Provided with board and lodging, each member draws from the Unit monthly pay in Chinese currency, equivalent to about 12s. 6d. That is his total income.

There is no limit of work. In August 1944, with two doctors, the rate of work in one team averaged 12 operations a day, including Sundays. In September, with an additional doctor, it rose to 18. The main part of the medical work is now concentrated in southwest China. There are four medical teams stationed in Paoshan and Tengchung, western Yunnan, and in other areas where Chinese troops are fighting. They are of two types: a more stationary one with hospital equipment remains a little behind the front to receive wounded soldiers, while a mobile one follows the troops to the front line and treats cases on the spot.

In Remote Villages in Yunnan

In addition, these teams set up delousing stations, give inoculations to civilians and soldiers, fight epidemics and generally prevalent diseases. In some remote villages in Yunnan which have never before seen modern medical service, the teams are doing medical relief and rehabilitation work at the same time. When they move forward with the army they leave the hospitals behind to the local government for the continuation of the work.

They have many medical achievements to their credit. In the Tengchung area one of the Unit's doctors was summoned by an emergency wireless message to investigate and confirm an outbreak of bubonic plague. He made two visits. On the first he found only convalescent plague, but on the second he discovered specimens of P. Pestis from a dead rat's spleen. The epidemic was detected at its outset and countless lives were saved.

Medical work in the rugged and waste terrain in south-west China taxes both the spiritual and physical stamina of Unit members to the extreme. When marching with the troops teams have to carry their equipment over mountain trails, travelling mostly on foot when no mules are available. The food usually consists of handfuls of fried rice and water, the same as for Chinese soldiers on the march. Night operations are performed with the aid of crude oil lamps hung from rafters or perched on the edge of the table. Despite these rough conditions, five English and six Chinese girl nurses have pulled their weight as thoroughly as the men.

SURGERY ON WHEELS: a Chinese soldier being X-rayed in a mobile operating theatre of the Friends' Ambulance Unit. The eighth anniversary of the Sino-Japanese war in July 1945 found the Chinese again on the offensive in Kwangsi and Fukien.

Illustrative of the general conditions is this extract from the diary of Philip Egerton, member of the Friends' Ambulance Unit Mobile Medical and Surgical Teams on the Yunnan front:

Wakened early by sound of distant gunfire over mountain ridges—the attack had begun. My mule and driver had deserted in night. Found two coolies to carry supplies and set off for ferry. The road was narrow all the way, so steep and muddy it was almost impossible to keep one's feet. As we came over the mountain ridges we heard the rattle of machine-guns, the explosion of shells and the "plump" of mortar fire.

This had been going on all afternoon; along the pathway to the river horses carrying ammunition were halted under trees, stretcher-bearers with camouflaged hats were waiting by the hundreds, heavy gun crews, half-naked, were ramming off round after round to some direction on the other side of the river. As I came nearer the river it was possible to see the explosions of mortar shells and groups of men about a mile away up river apparently doing nothing except walk about or dodge under bushes.

The ferry was apparently safe, so we walked over to the small shack under some trees by the river, and here I found the girls and John surrounded by stretchers of wounded men. They fixed each case calmly and systematically as it was brought up. Every man was given hot water to drink and had his blanket tucked round him, fractures cleaned up and splinted and loose flesh cut away—all seemed to be done in such a matter-of-fact sort of way it was almost like London over again. There was no initial muffing that one finds often under conditions such as these. Towards dusk more and more wounded were brought over, and the mules and bearers that I had seen along the trail began to come down. Long after dark we finished off the last casualty and tried to sleep—the row continued all night, so we spent the night trying to sleep!

Being the only relief organization in China engaged in the transport of donated medical supplies, the service of the Friends' Ambulance Unit has proved very valuable to various Chinese and foreign relief organizations such as the National Health Administration, the International Relief Committee, the Emergency Purchasing Committee, the International Peace Hospitals, the Ministry of Education, the American Red Cross, and other bodies.

"Cannibalizing" Supply Trucks

Behind these great relief efforts lie stories of adventure, pertinacity and courage, for the roads the trucks run on are mostly precipitous, narrow, full of hairpin turns and insecure edges. On one occasion a truck rolled over an almost sheer cliff where the road made a sharp turn. The driver jumped out of the cab just in time, the truck bounced over the top of him and came to rest against a tree 25 yards below. The truck was finally taken apart and hauled back to the road piece by piece to be reassembled. The bottom of the gorge into which the truck had plunged was over 1,500 feet below the road surface.

Since December 1941 the Unit in China had been cut off from the supply of new trucks and replacements. As a result a number of makeshifts and methods of tinkering have been devised. A Hercules Diesel engine may be found on a Ford chassis. The process of "cannibalizing" has been resorted to, to convert worn-out trucks into serviceable ones. By both experience and mechanical skill, the members have in the last three years learned to keep old engines running and make replacements, ranging from springs and bodies to rods and tools.

With the supply of petrol dwindling after the closing down of the Burma Road, the Unit designed its own type of charcoal truck for the main haulage of medical supplies. It has proved to be much superior to other charcoal models in operation in China. The Chevrolet trucks which are rated by the manufacturers at one and a half tons now carry two and a half tons with the charcoal system. When technical experts from the American Foreign Economic Administration made a survey of transport in China, they found the Unit needed less than one-third the men required by other organizations to maintain its transport system.

BUT the switch from petrol to charcoal imposes an acid test on the driver's patience. Over the long, desolate route which usually takes a month to cover, he has to nurse, coax, goad, and urge his charcoal truck whenever it stages a no-go strike. Usually the engines are taken apart about every 2,000 miles, rings replaced, bearings refitted, everything checked over. The driver considers he is lucky if he does not have to park his truck high up on a long hill for the night when his engine "packs up." Ever the charcoal trucks need some petrol to start them off or to help them up too steep grades. To fetch the requisite quantity of petrol, twice a year the Unit had to send three of its Dodge trucks over a 2,000-mile journey to Suchow, in north-west Kansu

—Battle for the Lives of Nippon's Victims

MEDICAL AND RELIEF SUPPLIES FOR WAR-STRICKEN CHINA administered by the Friends' Ambulance Unit (see facing page) were contained in these lorries (1) parked outside a many-storeyed pagoda in Kunming. Two members of the Unit kindle charcoal blocks (2) for the charcoal-driven trucks of a type specially designed by the Unit for main haulage. A Chinese member injects a child with cholera vaccine (3). British and U.S. members prove their prowess with chopsticks at a wayside eating-house (4).

Photos by courtesy of the Friends' Ambulance Unit

Sea, Land and Air Heroes Win the V.C.

Lieut.-Cmdr. G. B. ROOPE, R.N.
He was commanding officer of H.M. destroyer Glowworm which—it was only recently revealed—rammed the German cruiser Hipper in northern waters on April 8, 1940. After fighting off a superior force of enemy destroyers, he engaged the cruiser "against overwhelming odds," finally ramming it. He was not among the survivors, all of whom were taken prisoner.

Havildar UMRAO SINGH
In the Haladan Valley, Burma, in December 1944 the havildar was in charge of a gun with his battery of the Indian Artillery when fiercely attacked. With ammunition expended and all his detachment killed or wounded except two he engaged the enemy hand-to-hand, killing ten fanatical Japanese and saving his gun.

Lieut. G. A. KNOWLAND
On January 31, 1945, near Kangow, Burma, this lieutenant of the Royal Norfolk Regiment (attached Commandos) held a vital hill-position against vicious enemy fire, evacuating casualties and encouraging his men till—after twelve hours—he was mortally wounded. His heroism saved the position at a critical hour.

Capt. EDWIN SWALES, D.F.C.
The only member of the S. African Air Force to have flown with the Pathfinders, Capt. Swales was master-bomber during a raid on Pforzheim, Germany, on Feb. 23, 1945. His aircraft crippled, he remained above the target till the attack was over, being found dead on landing.

Pte. JAMES STOKES
During the attack on Kervenheim, Holland, on March 1, 1945, Pte. Stokes, of the King's Shropshire Light Infantry, single-handed captured two enemy posts, with 17 prisoners in all, sustaining serious wounds. Attacking—again single-handed—a third objective, he fell, mortally wounded. His self-sacrifice and determination saved his company many casualties.

Sepoy NAMDEO JADHAO
On the Senio River, Italy, on April 9, 1945, company runner Jadhao, of the 5th Mahratta Light Infantry, carrying wounded to safety under fire, determined to silence the enemy machine-gun posts—which he did, though wounded and alone. His bravery, enabling the battalion to deepen its bridge-head, spared many lives.

Lieut. I. O. LIDDELL
In almost full view of the enemy and under heavy fire, Lieut. Liddell, of the Coldstream Guards (right), captured intact a bridge over the River Ems, near Lingen, on April 3, 1945. Unprotected yet unmindful of danger, he neutralized the enemy's demolition charges. He subsequently died of wounds received in action elsewhere.

Rifleman THOMAN GURUNG
This rifleman of the 5th Royal Gurkha Rifles (left), helped materially in the capture of Monte San Bartolo, N. Italy, in mid-November 1944. Attacking enemy posts alone, he braved certain death, throwing grenades and discharging his tommy-gun into slit-trenches, finally being killed.

Photos, British and Indian Official, G.P.U., Topical, News Chronicle, Evening Standard

I Was There! Eye Witness Stories of the War

Cossacks Welcomed Us as We Entered Berlin

Prelude to Potsdam, the historic entry of the first advance units of British and U.S. occupation troops into Berlin on July 3, 1945, is indelibly recorded in this dispatch from Edwin Tetlow his first message to The Daily Mail from inside Berlin since August 25, 1939. See also illus. page 200.

COSSACK horsemen, cavorting in the early morning drizzle and shouting their traditional war cries, gave us a rousing welcome today on our way into Berlin. We met them soon after our convoy of British and U.S. troops, with 200 war correspondents, crossed the Elbe. They were exercising their horses, sending great clods of earth into the air as they performed their unrivalled tricks of horsemanship.

We entered Berlin with warm hearts after a journey which began at dawn. In a few hours now the full occupation of the silent capital by the victorious Powers will have begun, and the stage will have been set for the meeting of the Big Three at Potsdam.

The first phases of the entry today were full of novelty and colour. One extraordinary thing about it was that, despite the many preliminary announcements of its imminence, it came as a surprise to Russian troops and German civilians alike.

The Russians reacted with beaming smiles and the smartest of salutes. Some Germans in the outskirts of Potsdam and in the Zehlendorf suburb half-smiled as they watched the convoys go through, and some even waved. But I saw two young women shake their fists and scowl as they stood on the roadside and saw us speeding on through the April-like showers this morning.

It was just light enough to see the gaunt outlines of the bomb-wrecked buildings in Halle when we set out on the last lap of our journey—light enough, too, to see the white cloth banners which were displayed over the roads, bearing the blood-red words in German: "We greet the Red Army."

Our way was leading through an area into which the Red Army is now moving fast. Very soon we saw it coming in. We passed small columns of infantrymen and gunners hauling their cannon behind them as they sped westwards along the autobahn. They looked across at us in bewilderment at first, and then, recognizing us, they waved and smiled a welcome.

And now we are in Berlin, where a bemused and hang-dog populace awaits the next moves of its conquerors. When I stopped in the Kaiserallee, more than a score of people came out and eagerly asked how long we were staying, what areas we were to take over, and whether there would soon be more food. They even began asking for cigarettes.

BRITISH TROOPS IN BERLIN, where our advance units arrived on July 3, chatting to a Russian soldier near the Brandenburg Gate, with a Polish civilian as interpreter. *Photo, British Official*

I Visit Lübbecke—Germany's New 'Capital'

A sleepy old market town of 5,000 people—Lübbecke in Westphalia—on July 1, 1945, became the temporary capital of British Occupied Germany. Writing from the town on June 21, Daily Herald correspondent Peter Stursberg described the preparations then going forward for transforming this single-track town with no telephone-exchange into one of the most important centres in the occupied Reich.

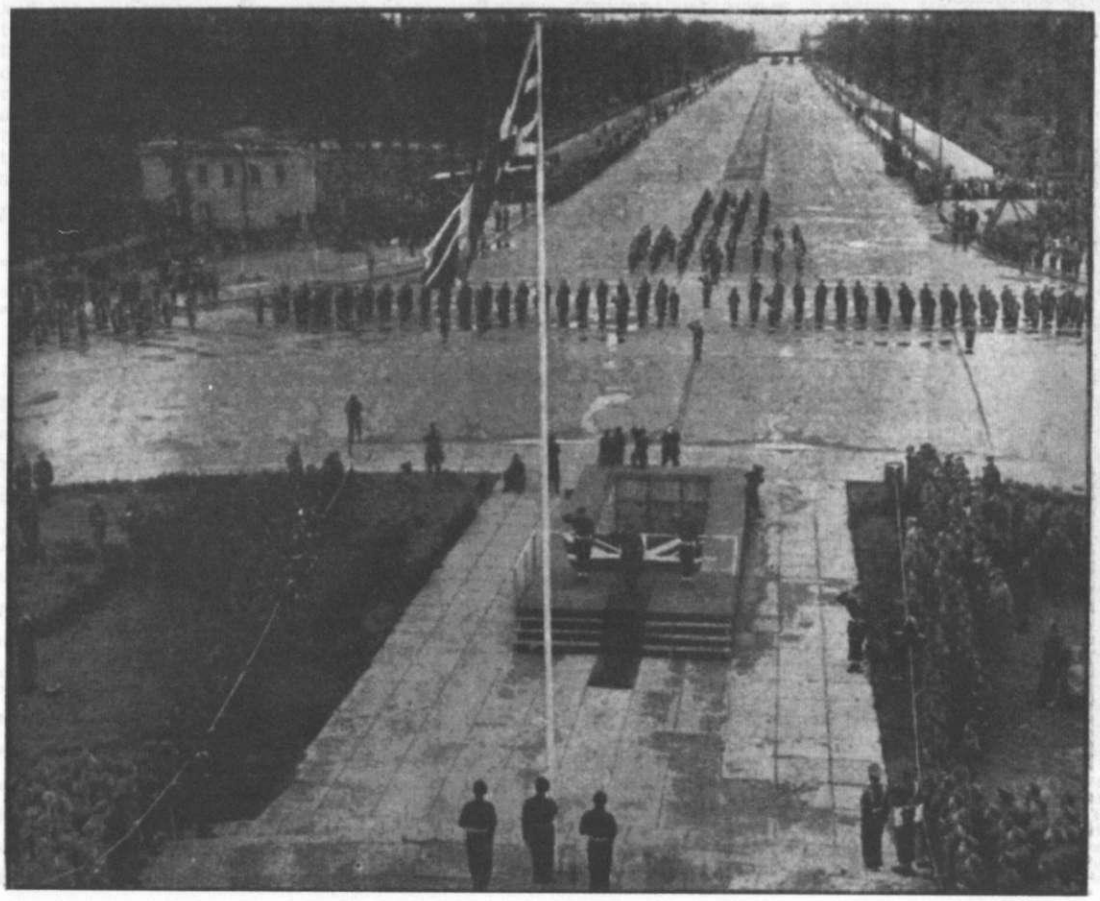
ALL the carpenters in this part of Westphalia are hammering and sawing away to prepare Lübbecke's gabled houses as offices and quarters for the British Control Commission. The first members of the Commission have already arrived, and so have the first trucks, causing an immediate traffic jam in the narrow cobblestoned streets.

You won't find Lübbecke on any large-scale map, so I had better tell you where it is. It is near Minden, and Minden lies between Osnabruck and Hanover. We drove along a country lane through the pleasant rolling Westphalian farmland to reach it, and then we fell in love with its little rose gardens pouring blossoms on to the pavement, and its cool tree-shaded square, with the 500-year-old church in the leafy background.

As my Army driver said: "It's really quaint." And as the capital of a third of Germany with 23 million population, it's quaint in more than one way.

It is not on a main railway line, and the only railway which reaches it is a single track branch line. It is not a road junction of any importance and the roads that lead to it end in bottlenecks. Its communication facilities are poor; it has no telephone exchange.

When I mentioned these matters to the Colonel who was in charge of the Commission's advance party, he said: "The single track railway line doesn't worry us. We wish there was a telephone exchange, but the Army Signals will put one in for us. We chose this town because it is conveniently



GUARDS VETERAN of Dunkirk, C.S.M. Eric Cole, broke the Union Jack at the historic ceremony in Berlin on July 6, 1945 (see page 201), while the band of the 2nd Battalion of the Devonshire Regiment played the National Anthem. The flag—which is to fly permanently—was struck at the base of the gilded 1870 Victory monument overlooking the Sieges Allée—in full view of thousands of silent Berliners. In the centre of the dais is Lieut.-Gen. Sir Ronald Weeks, Chief of Staff to the British Control Commission. *Photo, G.P.U.*

placed to run the British zone. We shall have to work in close co-operation with the Occupation Forces and we are only fifteen miles as the crow flies from the headquarters of 21st Army Group."

Of course, Lübbecke is only the temporary capital. The full Commission personnel of more than 8,000 would never fit into it. The displaced townsfolk are being quartered near by in an old Nazi labour camp which has been cleaned up to receive them. I am told they are quite happy about leaving their homes, because they have been promised that it will be for only three months.

The permanent headquarters of the British Commission and capital of our occupation zone will probably be in Bielefeld, a somewhat larger town on the main route between the Ruhr and Hamburg. Until the Commission moves into its permanent headquarters, a tax collector's office on the edge of Lübbecke will become the nerve-centre of a large part of Germany, because that is where it is going to set up its main office for the time being.

Nothing like this has happened to this sleepy little place since Charlemagne invaded Saxony and granted an obscure little fortress among the hills the right to become a market town. Sir William Strang, Foreign Office advisor to the Commission, will have a house in the town. A castle belonging to a German Baron a few miles outside has been requisitioned for Lieut.-General Sir Ronald Weeks, Deputy High Commissioner. Field-Marshal Montgomery is High Commissioner, but he will stay at 21st Army Group Headquarters, which is in the little spa town of Bad Oeynhausen.

The soldiers and civilians on the Commission are going to like Lübbecke. They are going to find it picturesque and they are going to be pleased about the fact that they can buy beer for thirty pfennigs, or 1½d., a bottle of gin for four marks, or 2s. a bottle. A brewery and distillery are working for us.

We Lay on the Sea-Bed—All Lights Out

After successfully torpedoing an escorted Japanese supply vessel, a submarine of the Royal Netherlands Navy, patrolling in Far Eastern waters, was heavily depth-charged and lay on the sea-bed with all lights shattered, deadly carbon dioxide leaking into her engine-room. How she miraculously survived is here described by her Dutch Commanding Officer.

FIRST a hail of electric light bulbs came down and we were in complete darkness. Water poured into the forward battery compartment, the gyro-compass went mad, and a short circuit burnt itself out in the control-room. But in the engine-room the conditions were more serious. The air-conditioning plant started leaking carbon dioxide into the boat, and nothing could be done to prevent it.

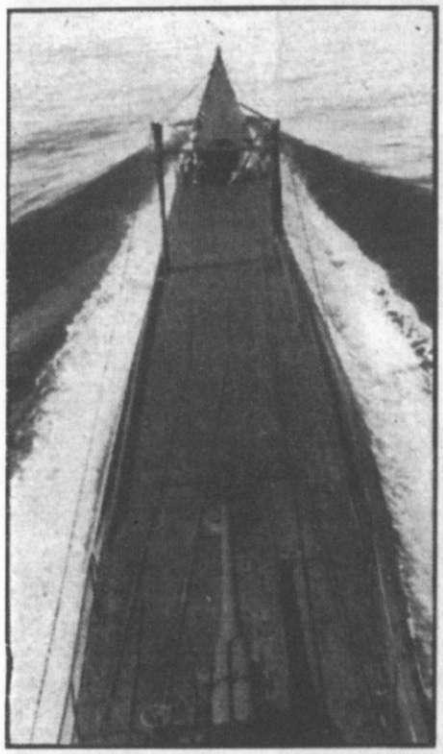
We evacuated the stern compartment and the engine-room, and closed all water-tight doors. But the fumes leaked steadily into the control-room, and we soon had to start breathing through special containers supplied for such an emergency. The air pressure in the boat had risen most noticeably.

After about an hour those of us who had been shut in the control-room evacuated it for the compartment above, in the conning tower, and there conditions were more tolerable. The carbon dioxide, being heavier than air, remained below us. But there was no communication between us and the rest of the crew in the forward torpedo compartment. Telephones were out of action, and the over-pressure prevented the communicating door from being opened.

Seven hours after our first sighting of the enemy we managed to surface slowly. It was a pitch dark night and I made out two black shapes, which were either two ships close together about 1,500 yards away or the funnel and bridge of one vessel much nearer. It was probably the escort picking up survivors of the ship we attacked, but I took no chances. We dived again to the bottom. I then decided that we should make a determined effort to get to the engine-room without delay, and to try to get the engines ready to make a dash away at the first opportunity. Meanwhile, in case of further accidents, I made all secret books and papers ready for destruction.

AFTER an effort three E.R.A.s opened the engine-room watertight door, and found the compartment full of deadly fumes and flooded up to the deck plates. They worked furiously to get all outboard valves closed and they had to take off their safety apparatus to get at some of them. At last they got the engines ready, and then one man was dragged out unconscious by the other two, both of whom nearly collapsed when the effort was over. The unconscious man revived, and five minutes later was back in the engine-room again.

When both engines were reported ready I surfaced again, as quietly as possible, and it was an immense relief to find nothing in sight. Then we proceeded at full speed on both engines. But our troubles were not over. Two days later, on our passage back to base, we suddenly felt a strange vibration in the stern. We found that the starboard hydroplane—one of the horizontal rudders which determine the angle of the dive when a submarine submerges—had disappeared. So further diving was out of the question, but we got back all right.



THIS DUTCH SUBMARINE—under the command of Lieut.-Cmdr. Van Dulm, D.S.O. and bar, Royal Netherlands Navy—recently returned to a British port after 19 months' duty in Far Eastern waters. The amazing escape of another Netherlands submarine is told here. *Photo, Royal Netherlands Navy*

How the Avengers Saved Our Crippled Carrier

Off North Cape, Norway, on August 22, 1944, the Canadian-manned aircraft carrier, H.M.S. Nabob, was torpedoed. Just before dawn next day, two Avenger bomber-pilots were precariously catapulted from her tilting deck to chase off the U-boat that had trailed her all night, and so saved the crippled carrier. The story is here told by the Nabob's Commander (Flying) Lieutenant-Commander R. J. H. Stephens, R.N.

WE had hoped we wouldn't hear any more of the submarine that had crippled us, but I think most of us guessed we would. "Yes," said Chief Yeoman Jarvis. "He's following us, sir. He'll have a look at us at dawn and then put us down." The Chief Yeoman had spent all his life in submarines and he spoke with assurance and almost, it seemed, with pride for the branch of the service he belongs to. You could see he could picture himself on the bridge of that U-boat, doing the follow-up himself.

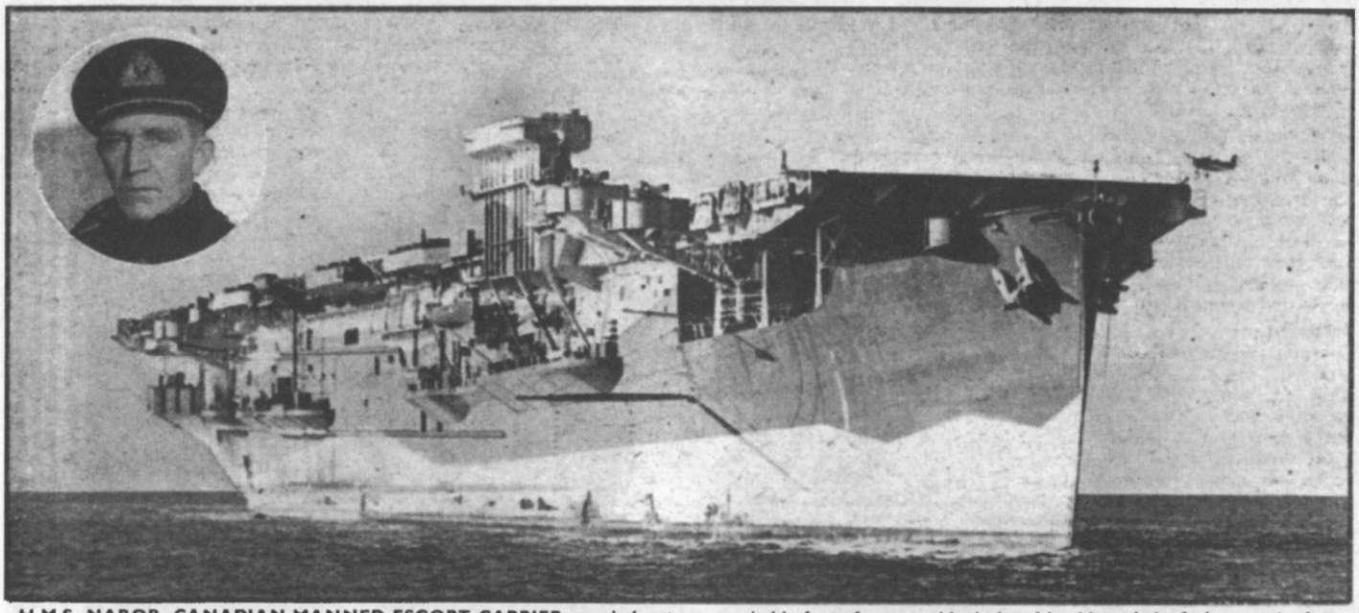
But that didn't help us any; we had to get rid of the U-boat. But how? We must just put a couple of Avengers over him and swat him. That's our job. But somehow it did not look just then as though old Nabob could put any Avengers anywhere that night except perhaps to the bottom of the Arctic Ocean. However, I thought, let's try it. You never know what you can do, and anything is better than folding the hands and waiting to get knocked on the head. So about one o'clock I piped "Flying Station!" This is what the picture looked like.

The ship was steaming about nine knots and somewhere near into the wind. That was good, as we would not have to turn her to get her into the wind to get the aircraft off, but there was plenty that was not so good. The flight deck was about thirty feet lower aft than it was forward. That does not sound very much in a ship more than four hundred feet long, but it seemed a lot. The normal runway of an airfield is allowed to slope one foot in two hundred, and we had a slope of one foot in eighteen. However, I thought it was just possible that someone might be able to take off up it, and land back again.

The after aircraft elevator was up and could not be moved, but the forward one had been on its way down when we were hit, and had stopped half-way when the power came off. I sent a man to see whether it would move, and it certainly was a surprise to find it come up as though nothing had happened to us.

Catapult? "Yes," said Lt. (E.) Edmund Ward ("Gus") Airey, R.C.N.V.R., of London, Ontario, the catapult officer. He felt it should work. He had sent a petty officer down to blow the air-pressure after the torpedo had hit us, but by some great good luck some one had given that man another job of work and he had never carried out the order. So we had our power all right. Very good, then, spot one Avenger for catapulting, I decided. It wasn't too easy moving aircraft around on that deck in the dark, but I'm lucky in this ship. I have some wonderful men under me. Most of the aircraft handling party are farmers, miners and lumberjacks, and they all have heads on their shoulders. In charge of them is a lad named Ray Warnock from Vancouver, a petty officer at the age of twenty. And he did a wonderful job that night. No fuss. No shouting. Just "Come on lads!" and the aircraft moved around that deck and into the right place as though we were drilling on a quiet afternoon in harbour. I don't say it couldn't have been done as well in other carriers, but . . . well, I doubt it.

The report came through, "One Avenger



H.M.S. NABOB, CANADIAN-MANNED ESCORT CARRIER, carried out a remarkable feat of seamanship (related in this and the facing page) after being torpedoed in August 1944 while operating with the British Home Fleet off North Norway. Although flooded, listing badly, 16 ft. down at the stern and carrying 50,000 gallons of high-test petrol, she was brought safely to port through 1,100 miles of rough seas, under her own steam, by her commander, Capt. Horatio Nelson Lay, O.B.E., R.C.N. (inset), who obstinately refused to acknowledge defeat. *Photos, Royal Canadian Navy*

aircrew in readiness!" I didn't say I wanted the squadron commander to fly himself. He decides in this ship which aircrews are used, but of course I expected him and I wasn't surprised when Lt.-Cdr. R. E. ("Bob") Bradshaw of Oxford came up to the flying control position with his helmet on. We stood together there and weighed up the chances. We had no figures, on how the catapult would take the load of hurling an aircraft up a slope like that, but I thought it might be all right, and so did he.

I'd almost forgotten to tell you about the bombs. We keep some on deck usually, ready for use, but all these had been thrown into the sea to lighten the ship's after end and the rest were in the magazine now twenty feet under water. For a time it looked as though even if we got an aircraft off it would not be armed and that wouldn't be much good with that U-boat closing us all the time. He might be fooled into diving, but he might not. However, about this time the air gunnery officer reported he had found some bombs in the hangar. It was all very wrong, of course. There is no greater sin you can commit in an aircraft carrier than to leave explosives around among the aircraft. But we certainly blessed the careless fool who had left them lying around.

All was ready then. It was just after half-past two and the aircrew manned the Avenger. The Arctic dawn was just breaking and it was a depressing-looking morning, low clouds, rain squalls and a visibility of about one mile. Lt.-Cdr. Bradshaw tried his engine twice and didn't get a kick out of it. We hadn't many minutes to spare now, and still the engine wouldn't start. Bradshaw tried twice more and then, thank God, it picked up. He ran it right up from cold, which is a shocking thing to do to an engine. It would probably give Mr. Wright a fit, but it took it all right. The control officer circled his flag, dropped it and off she went. The launch was normal, perhaps the most normal thing that crazy morning, and the aircraft disappeared into the gloom astern.

I think that that submarine captain coming in on the surface for his kill must have had the surprise of his life. Bradshaw put him down and he stayed down. To make sure, Sub-Lt. Don Jupp, R.N.V.R., of Gloucestershire, was catapulted off after Bradshaw. The two carried on a patrol, the ship's captain ordered an alteration of course, and when the submarine was next heard from she was miles off on our original course.

The Avengers came back, first Jupp with his, and then Bradshaw. The fog was dense, and how they made the flight deck is amazing. They could scarcely see it, and it was rising and falling in a sickening fashion. Yet Jupp's landing was so perfect that for some reason we all laughed. Then Bradshaw came in. He fouled the barrier, cracked into a couple of aircraft lashed up forward, but neither he nor any of his crew was injured. We saw no more of the U-boat. Perhaps he was telling them in Germany that we had given him the slip—or perhaps he wasn't as honest as all that about it. Anyway, the German news came out next day with the information that they had sunk us!

OUR DIARY OF THE WAR

JULY 4, Wednesday *1,305th day of War against Japan*

Germany.—Main body of British occupation troops arrived in Berlin.

Philippines.—Gen. MacArthur announced liberation of whole of Philippine islands.

Pacific.—Korea attacked by U.S. navy privateers.

Burma.—Japanese launched attacks on British positions on Sittang.

JULY 5, Thursday *1,306th day*

Borneo.—Centre of Balikpapan captured by Australians.

Japan.—Nagasaki and airfields at Tokyo attacked by U.S. aircraft.

Australia.—Death of Rt. Hon. John Curtin, Prime Minister of Australia.

Poland.—Polish Provisional Government at Warsaw recognized by Britain and U.S.A.

Home Front.—Polling took place for General Election.

JULY 6, Friday *1,307th day*

Belgium.—R.A.F. held farewell parade in Brussels.

Japan.—Super-Fortresses from Marianas attacked oil refinery near Osaka and four cities on Honshu.

JULY 7, Saturday *1,308th day*

Germany.—Troops of French 1st Army entered Saarbruecken.

Pacific.—British East Indies Fleet attacked Nicobar Islands.

JULY 8, Sunday *1,309th day*

Japan.—U.S. aircraft from Okinawa attacked Kyushu and airfields in Formosa.

Borneo.—Australian troops crossed Balikpapan Bay and landed at Penajam.

Pacific.—Announced that three British aircraft carriers had been damaged by Japanese suicide aircraft.

JULY 9, Monday *1,310th day*

Japan.—More than 1,000 carrier-borne aircraft of U.S. 3rd Fleet struck at Tokyo after night attack on four cities on Honshu by large force of Super-Fortresses.

JULY 10, Tuesday *1,311th day*

Sea.—German submarine entered Mar del Plata harbour, Argentina, and surrendered to authorities.

Borneo.—Japanese used barriers of flaming petrol to halt Australians east of Balikpapan.

JULY 11, Wednesday *1,312th day*

Germany.—British and U.S. authorities in Berlin took over control of their zones of occupation.

Pacific.—British carrier aircraft attacked airfields in Sumatra.

JULY 12, Thursday *1,313th day*

Germany.—Field-Marshal Montgomery in Berlin invested Marshals Zhukov and Rokossovsky with British decorations.

Japan. — More than 500 Super-Fortresses attacked cities in Shikoku and Honshu with 3,000 tons of bombs.

JULY 13, Friday *1,314th day*

Germany.—March-past by British garrison in Berlin before Allied commanders.

JULY 14, Saturday *1,315th day*

Germany.—Fraternization ban lifted in British and American zones of occupation in Germany and Austria.

Japan.—U.S. fleet bombarded industrial city of Kamaishi, while 1,000 carrier aircraft attacked Hokkaido.

General. — Supreme Headquarters, Allied Expeditionary Force (Shaef) dissolved at midnight.

JULY 15, Sunday *1,316th day*

Germany.—President Truman and Mr. Churchill arrived in Potsdam for Big Three Conference.

Japan.—U.S. 3rd Fleet and aircraft bombarded steel-centre of Muroran on Hokkaido.

Borneo.—Australians captured Mount Batochampar, north of Balikpapan.

JULY 16, Monday *1,317th day*

Japan.—British fleet task force joined U.S. 3rd Fleet in air attacks against Tokyo area.

China.—Chinese troops recaptured Liukiangshien, on Kweilin-Liuchow railway.

JULY 17, Tuesday *1,318th day*

Germany.—First Big Three meeting in Potsdam presided over by Pres. Truman.

Japan.—U.S. and British battleships shelled Hitachi area of Honshu; carrier aircraft continued to attack Tokyo area.

Indo-China.—Chinese troops occupied port of Moncar, near Kwantung frontier.

Home Front.—The King, Queen and Princess Elizabeth flew to Northern Ireland.

★ Flash-backs ★

1940

July 15. *Pétain Govt. broke off diplomatic relations with Britain.*

July 14. *British garrison of Moyale (Kenya) withdrew after prolonged resistance to Italians.*

1941

July 12. *Anglo-Soviet agreement signed in Moscow for mutual assistance against Germany.*

1942

July 12. *Germans began drive towards Stalingrad following failure to capture Voronezh*

1943

July 5. *In Russia, Germans launched abortive offensive in the Kursk salient.*

July 9-10. *Allied airborne and seaborne forces landed in Sicily.*

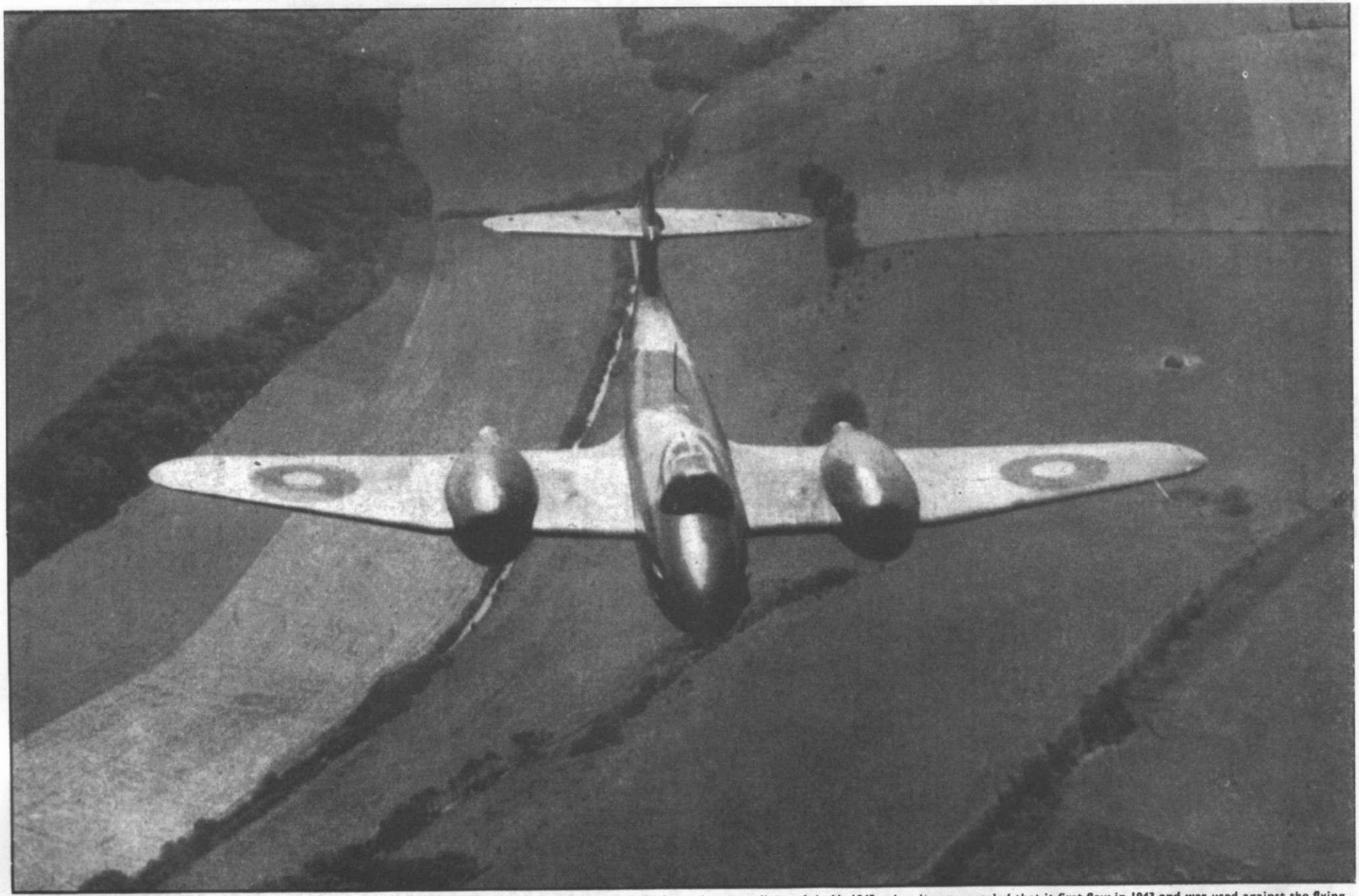
July 15. *Russians launched offensive in direction of Orel.*

1944

July 9. *Main part of Caen captured by British and Canadians.*

July 13. *Russians took Vilna.*

July 16. *8th Army entered Arezzo.*



THE METEOR, BRITAIN'S JET-PROPELLED SINGLE-SEATER FIGHTER, seen in flight, was removed from the secret list on July 11, 1945, when it was revealed that it first flew in 1943 and was used against the flying bombs the following year. Powered with two gas jet turbine engines, its dimensions include: span, 43 ft.; length, 41 ft.; height, 13 ft.; and wing area, 374 square ft. It is a low wing monoplane of all-metal construction, with tricycle landing gear and is built of separate units. The high tailplane, necessitated by the jets from the propelling nozzles, splits the rudder into two parts. Armament consists of four 20-mm. Hispano guns, with a camera gun mounted in the nose. It was developed by the Gloster Aircraft Company from the E 28/39, first jet-propelled aircraft in this country and possibly the world. *Photo, British Official*

With Our Airmen Today

By CAPTAIN NORMAN MACMILLAN M.C., A.F.C.

IT happened that I was the first pilot to fly across India in the monsoon, in days when aircraft were not as reliable as they are now. So I can appreciate the difficulties facing the pilots who now fly over the wild monsoon-belt that stretches north from Rangoon, over most of Burma, and Bengal. After referring in my last article to the fall in tonnage of supplies flown into Burma in May compared with April, it was particularly interesting to learn that by the end of June the docks in Rangoon were again working to an extent which should ease the strain on the air transport units which hitherto have had to fly all supplies into that area. But this does not mean that there will be any real diminution in the work of the air transport supply services, because the Burma railways have been seriously disrupted by the destruction of bridges by our own bombers and by the retreating Japanese, and it will be some time before surface transport services are able to carry normal traffic inland from Rangoon.

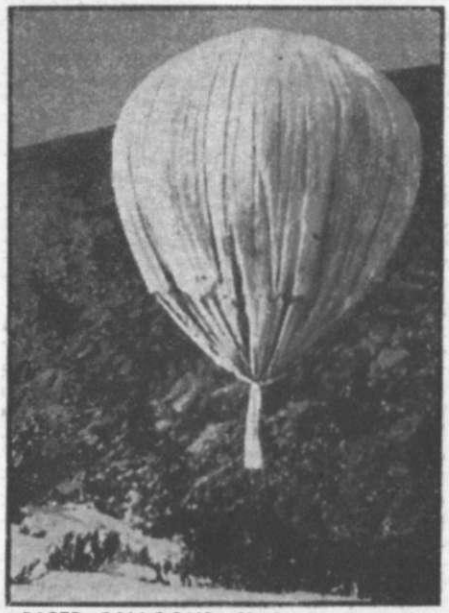
Thus the capture of Rangoon has not affected the importance of the India base. China has still to be supplied from Calcutta. Air transports still fly the "hump," and four-engined aircraft now make the trip non-stop from the neighbourhood of the Calcutta docks. It must not be thought that the monsoon does not affect this traverse of the Himalayan spur. Even much farther to the north-west, Everest climbing expeditions have encountered the monsoon raging over the peaks around Everest and breaking a plume from the topmost pyramid of that great mountain. Moreover, as height increases, the tempest speeds faster, for the air has to find a passage through narrowing valleys, and is pushed more swiftly through them, just as airflow accelerates through a carburettor where the neck of the venturi restricts its passage. In such conditions flying can be extremely unpleasant, and even dangerous, while the effort called from the pilot to stabilize his plunging craft demands physical stamina of a high order.

AMERICAN Super-Forts Now Bomb Industrial Targets in Manchuria

Smaller aircraft still fly the hump, using an air staging post in North-Eastern India to which both aircraft and the Bengal-Assam Railway carry supplies from the Calcutta base. This enables each air transport crossing the hump to carry a heavier load of cargo. The operation of the oil pipeline from Calcutta to China has eased the demand for aircraft to transport fuel, and they are now able to ferry alternative loads. It is probably this factor, combined with the renewed use of the Ledo road and the Burma road to Kunming, that has made it possible for the Chinese troops to make their recent successful drive against the Japanese and recapture the airfield at Liuchow.

From that airfield the U.S.A. 20th A.F. Super-Fortress bombers opened their attack on Japan. But, even more important, from there and other airfields around it, they bombed targets in Manchuria. Now that the Japanese have announced a definite programme of evacuation of industry from the Japanese main islands to Manchuria, the airfields in China assume a new importance.

THE tightening of the air and sea blockade of Japan must mean that it will be increasingly difficult for Japanese island industry to supply forces outside the homeland zone, and the Manchurian industries will form the bases from which supplies will be forthcoming for the Japanese forces operating on the Asiatic mainland. It is also known that Japanese industry has been dispersed within Japan itself. Thus it is to be presumed that there will be two main defensive zones within which the Japanese can be expected to offer resistance, one in Japan itself and the other on the mainland of Asia. As the Allied air and surface forces are disposed at the moment it would appear that the Allied assault is more likely to fall first upon Japan proper, although it must be remembered that in war such a situation may sometimes be engineered to fool the enemy into a false estimation of intentions. But from Japan the Japanese are evacuating the aged, the very young, and expectant mothers; in the Far East the trek away from the bombing has begun on a large scale. Within the islands of the Japanese mainland the remaining civilian population has been regimented into a volunteer corps to assist the army; this probably amounts to a form of total mobilization.



PAPER BALLOONS, 33 ft. in diameter, carrying Japanese incendiary bombs, were reported over the U.S. and Western Canada in June 1945, causing casualties. They were said to have floated some 6,000 miles eastward through the stratosphere.
Photo, New York Times Photos

Eight classes of civilians deal with communications, transport, distribution of essential goods, labour, farming, medical, civil defence, and observer corps duties. The Japanese observers and war correspondents who were attached to the Allied side before the Japanese entry into the war have no doubt made good use of the facilities granted to them to copy defence measures taken in Europe against the once-powerful Luftwaffe.

I was very pleased to see that that fine pilot, Group Captain R. N. Bateson, D.S.O., D.F.C., had received a Bar to his D.S.O. He won his first D.S.O. for leadership as a Wing Commander, with special mention of his success when leading a formation of Mosquitoes against the "House in The Hague." At that time there was quite a lot of misunderstanding about these low-level attacks, and Bomber Command (which made the attacks against the Gestapo H.Q. in Oslo and against Berlin when Goering was due to broadcast) received credit in many minds for the pin-point attack against the House in The Hague, simply because many persons did not realize that there were three Mosquito Wings in 2nd T.A.F.

I MET Group Captain Bateson when he was commanding No. 140 Wing in France. In addition to British decorations he wore the ribbon of the Dutch Flight Cross with which Prince Bernhard had invested him after The Hague attack. His headquarters was on an aerodrome in the Somme Department, and it was a grand sensation to fly over the old battlefields of the First Great War where Camels and Fokkers had waged battle at 100 miles an hour in a Mosquito that swept through the skies at three-and-a-half times that speed.

The Wing Mess was in the Chateau de Goyencourt, home of the Marquise de Montpoisier, a pleasant place with ample stabling for the enjoyment of more peaceful sports. Among the officers of one of the jolliest R.A.F. wings I have happened across for many a long day was Squadron Leader E. B. Sismore, D.S.O., D.F.C. and Bar, of Kettering, who had been Wing Commander R. W. Reynold's observer. His D.F.C. was gained for the Goering speech attack, the Bar for the Aarhus show, and the D.S.O. after an attack on the Zeiss factory at Jena, but Sismore was far too modest to say a word about all these adventures.

GROUP-Capt. Bateson's War Record More Fascinating Than Any Film

Bateson had had an exciting time after Japan entered the war. His Blenheim squadron flew to Singapore from the Middle East, then was directed to Palembang, where it used Dutch bombs, thence to Java, whence they had to take ship to Australia. The ship stranded and they finally got away in a river boat navigated by a Flying Officer who happened to be a Master Mariner. From Australia, Group Captain Bateson was posted to Ceylon. There, his brother, also in the R.A.F., whom he believed to be thousands of miles away, suddenly walked in to see him. And there, too, he met the lady who is now his wife. His was a story more thrilling and fascinating than any film of adventure I have ever seen.

BALLOT PAPERS—forty tons of them—for Forces serving overseas were dispatched (and returned) by aircraft of R.A.F. Transport Command, so that our serving men and women abroad might vote in the General Election. **See page 223.** *Photo, British Official*

Editor's Postscript

TURNING on the six o'clock news the other night I had the pleasure of listening to the concluding words of the Broadcast for Schools. "There they go," a cultured voice was saying to a boy, "leaving you and I to do the work." Of late I have everywhere noticed a tendency to ungrammatical speech and writing: the daily press abounds with errors of syntax and many of the persons "brought to the microphone" to enlighten the listeners stand in need of a few lessons in English before being permitted to address these millions, many of whom will probably find confirmation for their own errors of speech in what they hear on the air. "Leaving you and I" is as good an instance as I might quote of these solecisms; scores of similar offences against English usage and pronunciation might easily be compiled by anyone with the time and the patience to listen to the B.B.C. emissions for a week or two. "Between you and I" is an abomination which seems to have a peculiar attraction for some broadcasters and for a great many moderately well-educated persons.

I HAVE been reading with bemused bewilderment of a young woman who is engaged on what must be one of Britain's strangest jobs. In the bedroom of the 500-year-old Borthwick Castle, near Edinburgh, where Mary Queen of Scots and Bothwell spent their honeymoon, she is looking for—Mormons! Employed by the Genealogical Society of Utah, she is methodically searching 3,500 volumes of Scottish parish registers in an effort to trace the ancestors of present-day Mormons in the United States so that they (the ancestors !) can be baptized into the Mormon faith. As each ancestor is docketed—and many have been dead upwards of 300 years—details are forwarded to Utah where he is incorporated in the Mormon church—even though he may have been an Anglican, a Presbyterian or a member of the "Wee Free." Mormon ancestor-hunting would obviously appear to be a labour of love as I read that the genealogist—her name is Miss Katherine Horner—has been collecting Mormon ancestors for five years at a cost to Utah, apart from other incidentals, of £1 for every ten days she is at work! The Church has already made over 1,000 of these posthumous "converts." When I was a boy in Scotland the mother of an unruly child had only to whisper the word "Mormons" to scare her offspring into obedience. I am sure she could not do so today though whether it is that Mormonism has lost its terrors or small boys are more self-possessed I would not attempt to hazard.

AT the outset of the war many good people were genuinely concerned about its probable effects on the minds and nerves of children. They need not have worried. Tragedies there have been, of course, and every tragedy is one too many; but on the whole children confounded the prophets by taking the worst facts of war in their stride at least as imperturbably as their elders, if not more so. They may feel more acutely, but they forget more easily, and are mercifully protected by a limited understanding. In the air raids, for example, they seem to have found less of terror than of excitement—and even of beauty, if one may accept the evidence of the wartime drawings by children of all nationalities lately on view near Piccadilly Circus. I saw some of the little refugees when they arrived from Holland. Their wan faces and famished bodies, above all, their look of extreme loneliness, caught at the heart. But I am certain that after a few good meals most of them were ripe for mischief again, such is the natural resilience of their years. The most enviable of all children is Master Nicholas Panton, born behind barbed wire in an internment camp in Denmark and repatriated at the age of four. The outside world, which others of this age have had to assimilate so gradually, burst upon him all at once—streets, houses, shops, buses, cars, trains, boats, trees, fields, rivers, and the sea, with a thousand other wonders. He may well cry with the innocent Miranda: "O brave new world!" and mean it just as fervently.

AN American journalist friend revisiting London for the first time since 1941 tells me something about Londoners I hadn't, I must confess, noticed. Whereas in the days of the blitz he found us communicative almost to the point of garrulousness, expanding almost embarrassingly in railway carriages, pubs and places where they queue, today he observes, as he puts it, that we have resumed our "deep primeval silence." The odd thing is that he likes it better that way. "When the Londoner opened up in those bad old days," he writes, "and let you into the secrets of his private life and maybe brought out a snap of the wife and kids, it made me uneasy—as if the actors in a play had changed parts in mid-act. It was out of character; somehow you didn't feel you were among Londoners at all and would catch yourself looking over your shoulder—just to make sure. Today, wherever you meet him, the Londoner has gone back to his clam-shell. He gives you a granite glint if you try to catch his eye and shifts to the other end of the bar before you have had time to open up with a weather-gambit." And he comments, "That's how it should be, how it always has been, and I don't suppose that, deep down, any honest American would have it otherwise." The Englishman has been praised and blamed for many qualities, and not always with justification. The next thing I expect to hear is a visiting Frenchman praise the old-fashioned British Sunday.

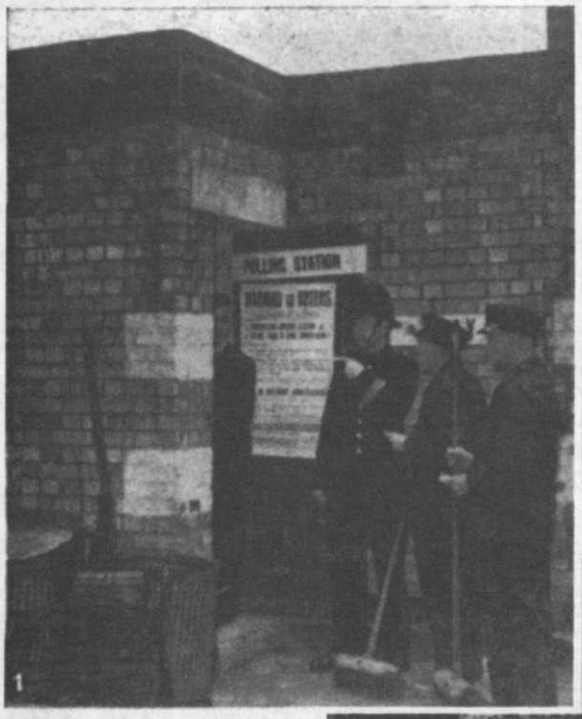
Maj.-Gen. LOUIS OWEN LYNE, D.S.O., Commander of the 7th Armoured Division (Desert Rats) and O.C. British occupation troops in Berlin, took the salute at the march past in the Reich capital on July 6, 1945. Rising from subaltern to Major-General in ten years, Maj.-Gen. Lyne in December 1944 gave outstanding evidence of his leadership in the Ardennes. He is only 44 years old. See also pages 200 and 201. *Photo, Fox*

DRIVING through the outer London suburbs the other day I found myself, as often before, speculating on the improbable names with which many householders burden their homes. There were, of course, the inevitable The Firs, The Pines, Mon Repos, and so forth, all with a faintly Edwardian flavour. There were the Vimy Ridges, Malines, St. Quentins, and others dating from the last war and half-obliterated. Then I began to notice names which had made but recent history. There was Falaise, there was Colmar, there was Remagen. Not so far off I passed Duren, Malmedy, Venlo and, least likely of all, Bratislava. About to exclaim to my companion "Quick work!", it dawned on me that these name-plates were at least as pre-war as the others, and that far from being attempts to keep up with the march of time they were probably merely echoes of long-ago honeymoons and holidays abroad—of people most likely dead. There must be hundreds of thousands of such houses scattered over England, each with its impalpable link with present-day battlefields. One wonders whether the occupant of Remagen felt a superior thrill as he opened his newspaper in the train one morning last March and read the banner headlines "Remagen Bridge falls to U.S. Troops without a Shot," and whether his neighbour from Falaise didn't feel just a little bit out of date—just as the man from Remagen must be feeling now.

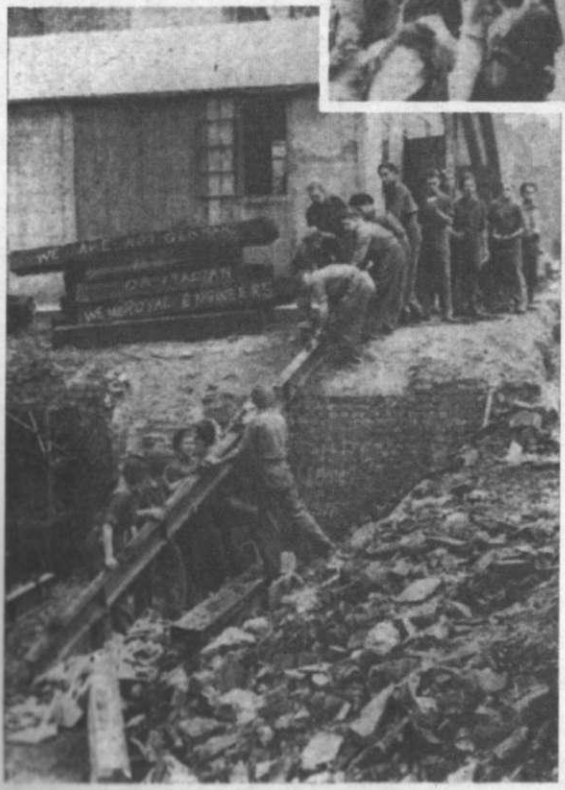
I STRONGLY suspect that prices in the horticultural industry are running so high that they may curtail the charm of English gardens for some time to come. I write from personal experience, quoting two cases which may or may not be typical. Having decided to plant a few water lilies in a little pond, I ordered a dozen of a quite common variety, and was astounded when the bill arrived to find that they had cost me £9. I might have been prepared for this, as a week or two before I had ordered 200 dwarf lavender plants. They did not seem a very vigorous lot; indeed, some fifty of them were not deemed worth while planting by my gardener. Even so, my bill for them was £7 10s. I make no further comment except to point out that anyone who is thinking of laying out a small garden just now is going to encounter costs which will greatly curb his choice of flowers and plants.

"POST-WAR reconstruction" is a high-sounding phrase that can be called upon to cover a multitude of sins of commission. It is put forward as the reason for the coming demolition of a house on the fringe of Regent's Park that was for twelve years the home of Charles Dickens, the house in which David Copperfield was written. No doubt many ardent lovers of that great novelist and all that appertains to him will be grieved, but they have several other shrines at which to worship. The birthplace of Dickens in Portsmouth escaped the bombs; Gadshill Place, near Rochester, the house in which he died, still stands; the house in Doughty Street, where he wrote Pickwick, is in the safe keeping of the Dickens Fellowship. And, anyway, Dickens explicitly stated in his will that he desired no memorial other than his books. What is far more regrettable is that any handsome old London house that is redolent of its period should come under the axe, whether it was the home of Charles Dickens or of Tom Noddy. No such destruction should ever be permitted without full assurance that any replacement will be at least as satisfactory a sample of present-day architecture as the demolished building was of the architecture of its own time.

In Britain Now: Choosing a New Government



AIR-RAID SHELTER was used as a polling station in East Smithfield, London, where first votes were cast by two crossing-sweepers (1). Polling Day for the first General Election for nearly ten years was on July 5, 1945, when over 1,500 candidates contested 640 seats—apart from 24 constituencies in the North and Midlands which polled on July 12 and July 19 and three returning their M.P. unopposed. Familiar sight since polling-day at a Wiltshire airfield of Transport Command was the unloading of ballot papers completed by our forces overseas (2). At eve-of-the-poll election meeting at Leamington (3), Mr. Churchill roused the crowds in Pump Room Gardens on behalf of Mr. Anthony Eden.



SAPPERS at work in Oxford Street (left) in early July 1945 grew tired of being mistaken for enemy prisoners-of-war by passers-by: building a Bailey bridge across a bomb-site for a forthcoming Services exhibition, they chalked up the announcement: "We are not Germans or Italian. We are Royal Engineers." The Ministry of Health declared on June 24 that a big step-up was being taken in the employment of the 185,000 German prisoners held in this country: over 1,250 were already on site-clearing jobs.

HERO AT HOME—Field-Marshal Sir Harold Alexander, G.C.B., C.S.I., D.S.O., M.C., enjoyed a quiet hour with his wife, Lady Margaret Alexander and small son in the garden of their Windsor Forest home (right) during a brief visit to this country in early July 1945. Victor of the North African and Italian campaigns, the Field-Marshal was presented with his baton (announced November 26, 1944) by the King on July 8, 1945.

Photos, British Official, Keystone, G.P.U., Planet News

As Our Troops Took Over the Heart of Berlin

IN THE ALLIED-OCCUPIED CAPITAL OF THE REICH, a British war correspondent chatted with a Russian girl, Feodora Bondenko, on point-duty at the Brandenburg Gate. On July 4, 1945, the main body of the British occupational force, headed by a squadron of the 11th Hussars from the 7th Armoured Division and including troops of the Grenadier Guards, the Devonshire Regiment, and other famous British units besides a Canadian composite battalion, entered the German capital to take up their allotted zones. *Photo, G.P.U.*

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